VOLUME 155 NUMBER 1

# LOOKING FORWARD

IN A RECENT LETTER to us, Charles A. Beard, discussing the liquor problem in connection with a symposium which we shall publish shortly, remarks: "Between natural sterility of thought and discussion of prohibition, we are in danger of losing what little intelligence we have left." Most reasonable people who get around much will be inclined to agree with him. Visit a distant city, and notice the amount of time devoted to talking about the all-embracing topic. Try cutting out for a week all the newspaper columns upon the subject. Discussion of prohibition is beginning to assume the proportions of a tidal wave. And this must be so, if any improvement is to come about in the situation.

YET IT MUST BE remembered that whatever improvement does come, will come as the result of action, not of mere conversation; through definite political activity or membership in one of the various organizations which are genuinely trying to do something intelligent about the problem. And meanwhile life runs on, with all its various interests and personalities and fascinating ideas: a current which it would be absurd as well as impossible to submerge beneath a flood of talk upon any one subject.

JUST A GLANCE over the various people and topics which are on the Outlook calendar for the next few months demonstrates the endless variety and incredible enterprise of the human animal. Publishers, editors, musicians, business men who are statesmen, industrialists who are patrons of art and science, stock brokers who are amateur scientists, the recital only begins to give an idea of the variety of people who are influencing and building up our modern life.

Add to these word portraits such subjects as power, traffic, aviation, education in our colleges, old and new, the effect psychology is having upon our religious thinking, the changes in Russia and England as well as in our own West —and prohibition seems almost lost in the crowd. Even the bare list is a reassurance against the intellectual boredom feared by Professor Beard.

Francis Rufus Bellamy


# OUTLOOK and Independent

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*THE RAKE'S PROGRESS*
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OUTLOOK
and Independent

May 7, 1930

# Watchdogs and Morals

## *An English View of Censorship*

*By* WICKHAM STEED

*Issues come and issues go, but the censorship controversy seems likely to go on forever. Is censorship necessary? And how much? And how shall we choose the arbiters of our reading and our entertainment. It is a prickly subject. The author thinks that one way out may "lie in the education of a healthy public taste by self-discipline on the part of the artists themselves." Mr. Steed is the former editor of the London "Times"*

CENSORS LOOK upon themselves as the watchdogs of morality. The "vulgar herd," otherwise the majority of any organized community, agree with, or tolerate, this view. A minority, otherwise the "select few," (usually people of "artistic" disposition) revolt against it, and think censors the agents of prudish stupidity. Yet, even among the minority, opinions differ. Some would have an "intelligent" censorship; others would sweep it away. No topic except, perhaps, theology, offers a wider field for honest and virulent disagreement.

The reason is simple. Genuine art tends toward the absolute. In its highest forms it may, like religion, open a way of escape into the absolute. Now morality, in whose name censors ply their trade, is relative; and the clash between the absolutes of art or religion, and the relativities of morals, is at once inevitable and entertaining.

Art, in itself, has nothing to do with morality. Its subject may be moral, that is to say, social (as in Hogarth's *Rake's Progress*), or it may be non-moral or super-moral; but nothing so relative as morality inspires it. Its business is to express aesthetic emotion. This is why phrases like "Art for art's sake" are fudge. If they mean anything, they suggest that an artist should think about his art, instead of feeling the emotion he wants to convey and to arouse, by pen or pencil, stone or bronze, building, word or sound. "Art for art's sake" substitutes self-conscious technique for the purpose to which technique should be subservient.

But artists live in a world of men. Men are gathered together in communities. Communities set up standards of morality, or conduct, most of which have, or had originally, some bearing upon the preservation of the community itself. Custom enjoins upon individuals the observation of these standards. The standards themselves may vary from time to time, from class to class and from community to community. But, as a rule, the social conscience is formed, and the individual conscience is affected, by the consciousness of moral custom or, in other words, by knowledge of what a community expects of its members. This knowledge may prompt a sense of duty.

The function of censors, official and unofficial, is to see that moral custom be not grossly infringed. It is essentially a police function. It may be exercised automatically by the community itself, through spontaneous ostracism or boycott; or it may be sanctioned by law, or sustained by religious organizations. It may be applied to opinions no less than to deeds. The Spanish Inquisition was an extreme form of censorship. Heresy-hunting of all kinds is of the same nature. At bottom, a censorship expresses, ill or well, the prevailing sense, within a community, a church or a social organization, of the risks, temporal or spiritual, to which members of the community, church or organization ought not to be exposed.

The rub comes with the "ought not." The Roman Church thought, in 1633, that Catholic Christendom "ought not" to run the moral risk of thinking that the earth revolved round the sun. Therefore Galileo was censured and condemned. Today, the most pious of astronomers hardly sees immorality in Galileo's crime—an instance of the progressive relativity of moral concepts. "Ought nots" depend upon outlook, social and individual. Generally they are determined by the idea of what is "good for others." Many moralists make, in practice, exceptions in favor of themselves as individuals. The superficial call them hypocrites, whereas they may be merely unconscious of their own inconsistency. Hypocrisy is conscious inconsistency.

The moral philosopher whom I loved best at Berlin University in the early 'nineties, Friedrich Paulsen, used to teach that the moral law is the social law—a law contingent, changing and changeable, as circumstances might ordain. But above the moral law, thus conceived, he held that there stands, in highly-developed or sensitive individuals, a personal ideal, an aspiration which may bring individuals into conflict with the moral law of their time. Such conflict is tragedy, in the true sense—a conflict between right and

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right—yet through it alone is moral progress possible. Paulsen was wont to call this individual rule of life, superior to that of the common conscience, "the Kingdom of God," and to argue that the citizen of "the Kingdom of God" may be "above the law." The difference between this doctrine and Nietzsche's doctrine of the Superman is that, by virtue of his superiority, a Superman may do what the "common herd" may not do, whereas Paulsen's "citizen of the Kingdom of God" is bound by a higher and stricter law not to do even things that the "common herd" may deem lawful.

To my mind the dispute about censorship really turns on this point. Are artists, who claim to be above the common law, Supermen, or are they citizens of an artistic "Kingdom of God?" Censors are supposed to apply the rules of average morality on behalf and for the benefit of average men and women. Thus they offend those whose standards of thought, conduct, and artistic expression are above or below the average. Though censors may not be congenitally stupid, their function is apt to make them look stupid. They cannot toy with nice discriminations. Besides, the most conscientious of them feel that they are trustees for public decency. The frankest recent defense of censorship appeared not long ago in a pamphlet, called "Do We Need a Censor?" by Lord Brentford, formerly Sir William Joynson-Hicks, or "Jix," who was Home Secretary in the British Conservative administration. He says:

"It is according to common law, that is, law without any statute, that the conscience of mankind deems it a felony to commit a murder, and that it is a misdemeanour to publish any indecent matter tending to the destruction of the morals of society and to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to immoral influence. No man has any more right to publish in this country matter which tends to the destruction of morals than he has to commit any other crime. And there are, moreover, special powers given to the Courts. The Obscene Publications Act of 1857 provides machinery for dealing with such matters. . . . If I am right in my contention that those who are responsible for the publication of obscene literature are as equally criminal as those who commit obscene acts in public, then is it not reasonable that the powers vested in the State should be utilized, first to prevent such crimes from being committed, and secondly to convict the criminals? Those who object to all forms of censorship cannot, I imagine, realise the extent of the traffic which goes on in filthy literature, and still more filthy photographs. . . . No sooner, however, was an (indecent) book published which made some pretensions to literary merit than I was told that other considerations applied, that the law ought not to have been invoked against it, and that the Home Secretary and the Director of Public Prosecutions were conspiring to stifle genius. . . . There are other matters in life of greater importance than the free development of a particular form of art."

*D. H. LAWRENCE*
*Drawn by Theodor Scheel for "The Impuritans" (MacVeagh)*

Simultaneously with "Jix's" pamphlet, its publisher issued another by the late Mr. D. H. Lawrence on "Pornography and Obscenity." Ridiculing the censorship, he wrote:

"We have to leave everything to the majority, everything to the majority, everything to the mob, the mob, the mob. They know what is obscene and what isn't, they do. If the lower ten million doesn't know better than the upper ten men, then there's something wrong with mathematics. Take a vote on it! Show hands, and prove it by count! Vox populi, vox Dei."

Mr. Lawrence went on to claim that average people are the most indecent, and that it is "common individuals" of this sort "that tell dirty stories, carry indecent picture postcards, and know the indecent books. This is the great pornographical class—the really common man-in-the street or woman-in-the street. . . . They find a Titian or a Renoir really indecent and they don't want their wives and daughters to see it." And Mr. Lawrence roundly arraigned "the mass of our popular literature, the bulk of our popular amusements" as existing for the purpose of stimulating secret sexual desire, and indulgence in solitary vice. This, to his mind, is true pornography.

As a piece of writing Mr. Lawrence's pamphlet is powerful, but it suffers from the sex-obsession that pervades much of his work. Healthy human beings do not suffer from sex-obsession; and the soundness of customs and laws depends upon the degree in which they respond to the desires of ordinarily healthy men and women. This is why, on the whole, censorship arrangements in England meet with little serious opposition. Public indecency is dealt with by the police and by the police courts. Books, photographs and pictures that are held to be indecent or obscene, come within the purview of the Home Secretary who, on legal advice, may set in motion the public prosecutor. Theatres are licensed by the Lord Chamberlain who grants licenses only if he is satisfied that, broadly speaking, the plays

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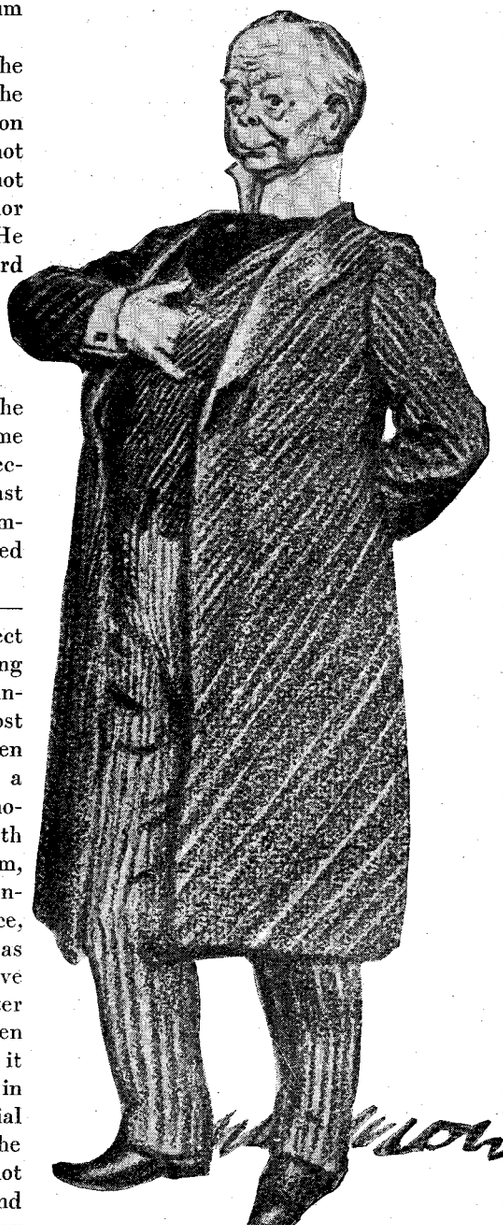
to be produced will not "corrupt public morals." Should his ruling be infringed, the Lord Chamberlain takes action through the Home Office. From time to time complaint is made that his view of obscenity is too lax or too narrow; but, on the whole, his position is, as "Jix" contends, one of those curious English arrangements that are not founded on any logical principle yet work, in practice, with a minimum of friction.

Another curious arrangement is the film censorship. It is voluntary, the censor being chosen by the Association of Cinema Proprietors who agree not to exhibit any film which he has not passed. The late Mr. T. P. O'Connor was film censor until his death. He has now been succeeded by Mr. Edward Shortt, a former Home Secretary. Hitherto public opinion has tended to criticise the censorship of films chiefly on the score of its laxity, and to demand greater strictness. The present appointment of a former Home Secretary may be a step in this direction. In the London *Observer* last December Mr. Bernard Shaw compared the censorship with the speed limit for automobiles. He wrote:

"A speed limit has two uses. One—to enable local magistrates to collect fines in aid of the rates from passing motorists—is dishonourable and intolerant, and has been dropped in most of the places where it has been practised. The other is to enable a policeman to put his hand at any moment on any ill-behaved motorist with the absolute certainty of finding him, as the French phrase it, 'in contravention.' It is very effective in practice, but highly questionable in principle, as it gives despotic power to the executive and destroys all respect for the letter of the law. But it works when reasonably administered. In this it resembles the law against obscenity in literature. That law rests on a judicial definition so comprehensive that the only books in the world that are not legally obscene are railway guides and ready-reckoners. Consequently, at any moment, the police can seize any book, newspaper or picture, and obtain a magistrate's order for its destruction, and even for the condign punishment of the authors, artists, journalists, and publishers concerned. This works quite well in dealing with indecent photographs and vulgar pornography in general; but no magistrate or Home Secretary dare apply it to the Bible; and when it is used to suppress Miss Radclyffe Hall and Mr. D. H. Lawrence there is trouble."

There was "trouble" when Miss Radclyffe Hall's *Well of Loneliness* and Mr. D. H. Lawrence's pictures were banned, though the "trouble" did not remove the ban; and nobody, save the "select few," felt aggrieved. As I have not read *The Well of Loneliness* or seen Mr. Lawrence's pictures, I can offer no opinion upon the rightfulness or otherwise of official action; but in view of their subjects, I fail to understand why she should not have printed her book for private circulation, and why he should have wished the general public to see his pictures. I possess an admirable English rendering of the *Arabian Nights* which Mr. Powys Mathers made from the complete French version of Dr. J. C. Mardrus. It was privately printed in 1923 for subscribers to the Casanova Society. Had an attempt been made to publish it as an ordinary commercial venture, the Home Secretary would certainly have ordered its destruction or withdrawal on account of obscenity, though its high literary value is beyond question. And, greatly as I admire the talent of Mr. Powys Mathers, I think the Home Secretary would have had not only public opinion but right on his side. I should certainly not put this unabridged and unexpurgated edition of the *Arabian Nights* into the hands of any boy or girl or, indeed, of any reader of average culture; but neither should I think of withholding it from readers of mature judgment. The point is that it was printed "for private circulation" not merely in order that it might delight connoisseurs without public offense, but because the Casanova Society wished to avoid any spurious element of "risk" in a notable work of art. The plain truth is that most of the publications and so-called "works of art" about which an outcry is made when the censorship drops upon them, are vitiated precisely by a meretricious, though perhaps unconscious, appeal to "risk" on the part of their authors.



*LORD BRENTFORD*
*Drawing by Low in "Lions and Lambs"*
*(Harcourt Brace)*

Let me explain what I mean by "risk." Many years ago an Italian publisher sent me for review a number of stories by Gabriele D'Annunzio. I read them with growing admiration for the style and skill of their author and with increasing dislike of his methods and tendencies. Everything in them was graceful, much in them revealed literary genius, yet everything stank. Summing up my impression of them I compared D'Annunzio to a swan which should take pleasure in swimming in an open sewer. I felt that, unlike Boccaccio, Sacchetti and Ariosto, who were certainly not prudish, D'Annunzio had, either deliberately or by depraved instinct, sought to conquer his readers' repugnance to his subject-matter by a dazzling display of skill in handling it. He was running a risk, and was playing upon their excitement, much as a tight-rope walker might do if his rope were stretched across Niagara or the Grand Canyon. Spectators would

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# ▶▶ High Voltage ◀◀

## *A Portrait of Leopold Stokowski*

*By* VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS

ONE FRIDAY NIGHT, a few years ago, there was no one on the concert stage when Leopold Stokowski, leader of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, came out to make his bow. The audience applauded nervously. After a moment, two players sauntered out with their instruments and took their seats. Stokowski gave them the signal to begin. At every few measures of the piece, which was a composition by a modern Belgian, another musician straggled to his place and tuned in. Finally they had all come. As the music drew to its close, they filed out one by one, playing until they disappeared from sight. The staid Philadelphia audience dropped its jaws.

The last thing on the program was Haydn's *Farewell Symphony*. Stokowski played it in the same way. The musicians came and went with the same apparent nonchalance. Alone on the stage again, Stokowski turned toward the empty places and gave the signal for the absent orchestra to rise. Then, facing the audience, he made a deep bow. A united hiss whistled through the hall. The conductor bowed anew and left the platform. Every one present at the concert was angry. The critics, unaware that both composers had written this scheme into their directions, primed their pens with a sting. Stokowski had baffled Philadelphia. Was he enjoying a *tour de force?* Or had he none too subtly given them a lesson in manners? He left them to decide for themselves. When he repeated the program on the following day, the audience burst from surreptitious smiles into outright laughter. The second performance succeeded.

Music, like a coin, has two faces. On the one side, art, and on the other, science. One side is emblazoned with a high imagination. The other is carved with a deep precision. Music fuses the changeable with the changeless. It is a natural element quickened to life by man's artifice and by his dreams. Musicians have to study the sources of sound. They have to hear it. They have to transmit it. Among musicians, perhaps conductors of orchestras need the most widespread knowledge. They choose the program, learn the score, train each player, pitch, temper, and fire the whole. The instruments give the voice. The conductors give the meaning. They must make the blend of art and science. They must know why and how they hear sound. They must be profound students as well as fluid creators.

STOKOWSKI is one of these scientific artists. He probes the secrets of tone. He imagines new ways to convey it. He experiments constantly. He has no fear of critic or audience. He dares to be an autocrat. He keeps an open mind to things new. He requires only that they be beautiful, for music, he says, is "the art of beautifully hearing." If his schemes for the atmosphere of a concert have the savor of the prima donna, if he somewhat too airily disposes of personality and refers to things on a cosmic scale—if, in short, Stokowski was born to the limelight, it does not matter, for he has the spark of genius.

Leopold Stokowski is forty-two. He has a taut, mettlesome figure. His face is complicated by the pointed mockery of a faun and the sharp molding of an intellectual. He never wears a hat. But he chooses his clothes with care. Form is his fetish. And a naked, dramatic simplicity.

Of Polish descent, Stokowski grew up in England. He played the piano and the violin as a child. Later, with the aim to become an orchestra leader, he served apprenticeship to the other instruments. He has never been able to follow, but he wanted to equip himself to lead. From fourteen to sixteen, he gave up his music. He devoted himself to studying sound in physics. Sound led him to light. Then to chemistry. For those two years, he was absorbed in the natural element of music. He graduated from Queen's College at Oxford. He went on to the Royal College of Music in London, of which the Prince of Wales has since made him a fellow. He was not like the precocious youths of success stories who fall into accidental glory. He fathomed the science of his art. He studied instrumentation in both France and Germany. He built a basis to bolster his fluid gift.

Stokowski holds that only the organ can be standardized. With the organ stops, you can bring out the tonal quality, the various themes, the atmosphere of your composition, all on the same keyboard. He is himself an organist. At sixteen, he was appointed to play at the church of St. James in Piccadilly and when, in 1906, he ventured to America, he became the organist of St. Bartholomew's in New York. He has cut many organ rolls for the Aeolian Company in the past. Recently, the company arranged a laboratory for him where he was to work out his system for making music sound at midnight in the desert or at high noon on the sea. In the same way that, once, he watched the natives of Java learning from a cinema screen about life in Hollywood, he dreams that distant peoples will be able to hear the strains of Stravinsky anywhere over the face of the earth. In two years he found a way to make his scheme practicable. But the Aeolian Company did not give him the apparatus he needed. He has not continued the work.

SOON AFTER coming to America, Stokowski married the pianist, Olga Samaroff. A few years ago, they were divorced. In 1926, he was married again to Miss Evangeline Johnson. He has a daughter by each marriage and he sends them to the Dalton School in New York where the method includes, to his belief, more actual thinking than in most educational institutions. Stokowski feels that there is too much talk, that the talk stimulates too little action, in America. Against the vitality and the passionate quest to learn flows the tide of a terrible wastage. America, with Russia, Germany, and China, is the source from which the future will draw its life heat. But for wisdom, he himself turns to the Orient. He feels that India has a psychic power which far exceeds our grasp. He is, in a sense, a mystic. He has no creed. He has no palpable religion to spread before other men. Yet he has found a power of inner inspiration which defies analysis.

In 1912, after conducting the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Stokowski took the leadership in Philadelphia. By this time he had reached ripened power. Hours of strain lay before him. But his material had great scope. He could

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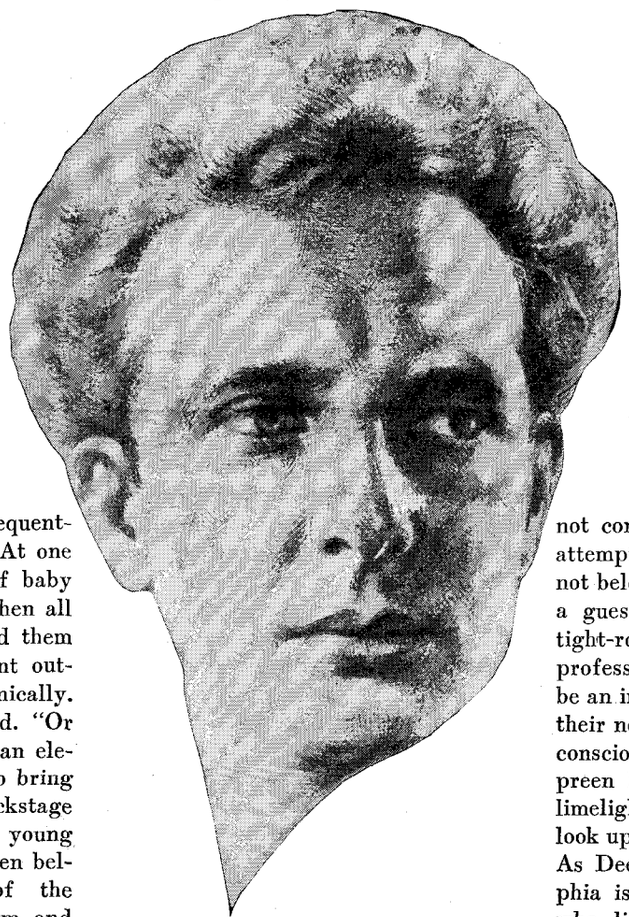
give his orchestra "imperialistic guidance" with a sure knowledge of triumph.

The musicians' union allows two and a half hours of practice five times a week. The sum of each man's energy goes into these rehearsals. Stokowski demands perfection from every player. He can make his violins play trills in entire unison. He will interrupt the practice of a *concerto* to say that the fourth violin played B flat instead of B sharp. He often compels a man to repeat his part separately. This habit caused a break with Mischa Mischakoff, the concert master, last spring. Stokowski had asked him, in rehearsal, to play his score alone. Mr. Mischakoff claimed that Stokowski was "rude and unfair." He left the orchestra. It is generally felt, however, that Stokowski makes a just task master. He rides his men with a light hand as long as they give him full measure.

With these five rehearsals, his orchestra has played more than a hundred concerts in one season. The Philadelphia clergymen objected to Sunday concerts. Stokowski would not abandon them, because many people could attend them only on Sundays. And he wanted three of them to be free for the sake of workmen. He frequently gives concerts for children. At one of these, he sent for a circus of baby animals trained by a friend. When all the children were seated, he told them that he was keeping an elephant outside. They smiled at him cynically. "You do not believe me?" he asked. "Or perhaps you do not want to see an elephant?" Some of them called to bring him out. The conductor went backstage and reappeared leading a very young elephant by the ear. The children bellowed with delight. One of the musicians rushed to the platform and told Stokowski that there were crowds of elephants outside trying to come in. Three more trotted to the scene. Stokowski and the musician stood at the door pushing back the imaginary hordes beyond. By this time the children were in a fever of curiosity. The conductor then took up his baton and played the *"Carnaval des Animaux"* by Saint Saens. His little audience will probably not forget it.

Stokowski has carried his love of experiment to the concert stage itself. He reseated his orchestra. He tried a military band. He brought in the color organ, but soon put it by. He often conducts without a score and he played once in total darkness except for a light about his head. This plan, he found, was not feasible. But he still dreams of a hidden orchestra where the eye would subserve the ear. For quiet, he has ruled that the doors are closed during concerts. He allows late-comers two minutes grace. If they exceed two minutes, they must wait outside for the intermission. "A concert is not a tea party," he said. Once, in the middle of playing, he left the platform because of the noise. He put on his coat and decided to go away for good. The manager persuaded him to stay. After five minutes, he returned to a hushed, repentant house.



*LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI*

*His face is complicated by the pointed mockery of a faun and the sharp molding of an intellectual*

His experiments have brought Stokowski into the glare of public comment. The critics find him a juicy morsel. He has been called the Babe Ruth, the Jackie Coogan, the sublimated Barnum of orchestra leaders. He himself says that he is only an agent of transmission, a sieve through which to pass the liquid notes. He says that he does not want his personality to count. Yet many people feel that he is too luminously present. For them, his egotism and his sense of drama rob him of a certain integrity.

Most of all, perhaps, he is criticized for playing modern music. He won it a place on Philadelphia programs. "People who object to modern music are using only one side of the brain," he has said. "Don't resist or deride the beautiful of either the old or new age." He keeps agents digging for new gems in various cities the world over. They send him about a thousand pieces a year, from which he chooses some thirty to try with the orchestra. Three compositions finally emerge for concerts. These are the discoveries which provoke a din of controversy. People guffaw and hiss. Critics wallow in acid mockery. Much of his audience cannot understand. Schoenberg's five orchestra pieces, Varèse's *Amèriques,* and the Brazilian, Villa-Lobos, for whose music Stokowski used three new instruments, drew snorts of disapproval. But hisses are grist to his mill. He fears only apathy.

Stokowski plays what he feels he can transmit. He will not conduct popular music. He never attempts certain things which he feels do not belong to him. For these, he invites a guest leader. He walks a musical tight-rope before many eyes. Yet he professes to ignore the glances. It may be an inconsistency. He may really beg their notice. But why, when he is fully conscious of virtuosity, should he need to preen himself? He cannot avoid the limelight. He does, however, afford to look upon it with a condescending smile. As Deems Taylor has said: "Philadelphia is a musical envelope. The man who licked the flap is Leopold Stokowski."

Stokowski went to the Orient, intending to bring back eastern music and transmute it for western ears. It seems to him that they lag far behind us in the development of harmony. It might be possible to imitate it. But imitation, he believes, is "always fatal in art." He has turned now to the radio. For years he refused to broadcast. The receivers were as yet too crude. The *tutti* almost overloaded the wires. A man, knowing nothing of music, sat by a dial and regu-

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# The Gun *vs.* the Airplane

*By* CHARLES J. V. MURPHY

OF ALL the weapons developed during the past thirty years, none has threatened so much to overturn military tactics as the airplane. It is a weapon of entirely new aspect, and most nearly approaches the perfect military machine in its possession of the essential attributes of unhampered mobility and great hitting power. The modern bomber carries a projectile that can wreck a battleship and shake a city. The day of the 4,000 pound aerial bomb is already at hand; and the more powerful bombers can lay it, with accuracy, thirty times the distance that the largest gun can hurl a projectile of half its size. A 2,000 mile bombing mission with existing aircraft is a matter of fifteen hours' flying.

What is the defense against this weapon? According to aviation's lobbyists, there is but one effective counter: to offset air force with air force. This balancing of one weapon with another is, of course, self-evident. But the argument does not quite exhaust the doubts of (for example) a city-dweller, who may wonder what would happen if an abrupt attack by hostile aircraft should overcome the defensive air force.

The growing importance of protecting great cities and manufacturing centers from potential aerial assault has been responsible for radical developments in the science of artillery. In the event of another war, the airplane will be opposed by a ground force of unsuspected power: that is, anti-aircraft artillery. Anti-aircraft has had a checkered history. What slight reputation it gained in the World War shrunk immoderately before the greater success of aircraft. Pilots affected to despise its efforts: the bringing down of a plane by ground fire was generally dismissed as a lucky shot. This patronizing attitude, which came to be shared by the public, has not abated even now, and it is the belief of a great many persons that all anti-aircraft ordnance could be towed ten miles out to sea, and sunk, without detriment to national security.

Where most of these critics err is in assuming that conditions of the last War will prevail in another. There is no doubt that anti-aircraft was then a comparatively ineffectual weapon. The airplane was vastly superior to the gun. But this superiority derived in part from the fact that the gun was being hurriedly adapted to match a new foe. Since the appearance of the first cannon six hundred years ago, the gun has been developing to operate against a fixed or slowly moving adversary—either fortifications or troops. Against these adversaries, fire control was a simple matter. The chief difficulty was in increasing the power and range of the gun so as to offset thicker armor and to hit the enemy at steadily lengthening distances. Airplanes, moving swiftly, capable of almost instantaneous change of direction, took the gun unawares. The unevenness of the opening phases of the duel may be judged from the fact that, in 1916, French anti-aircraft artillerists expended 11,000 rounds of ammunition for every German plane brought down by ground fire.

THE GUN, however, was no less at a disadvantage nearly ten years later when the Mitchell affair almost caused open warfare between the Air Corps and the Coast Artillery. The aviation bloc was all for junking anti-aircraft, and having Congress spend the money on airplanes. The controversy ultimately led up to an ironical conclusion. The Coast Artillery was ordered to put its anti-aircraft equipment in competition with aircraft in a series of tests. The fact that the guns used were War-time experimental material was not allowed to detract from the apparent finality of the significance of the tests. And the results were all that the jubilant air-minded protagonists had hoped for. The House Committee on Appropriations was so much impressed that it recommended a slash in anti-aircraft appropriations and put itself on record as believing "there is very grave doubt as to the advisability of embarking on an expensive program of ground defense against airplane attack."

The important effect of this controversy was to set back at least two years a major experiment in national defense.

The pity of the Mitchell affair was that, in unnecessarily exalting the capabilities of aircraft, it poisoned the public's mind against the proper value of anti-aircraft. There is an obvious need for this branch of the military, particularly in guarding key cities. The function of the ground defense goes beyond shooting at airplanes, and its effectiveness is not to be measured alone in the number of enemy planes brought down.

Its obvious function is to attack and drive off or destroy enemy aircraft, and to provide immediate protection to important ground installations, with or without the support of friendly airplanes. But in addition to this activity, it is organized to warn friendly aircraft of the approach of hostile airplanes, and also to assume alone the burden of defense if the geographical position of vulnerable points renders them open to surprise attack.

The organization of ground defenses against aircraft is one of the fascinating stories of the War. At the beginning, airplanes were not considered important weapons, and consequently no steps were deemed necessary to nullify them. Until 1916, the anti-aircraft defense of Paris consisted of a few guns and several flights of aircraft. The terrors of night bombardment were not visited upon it until the summer of 1917, and these attacks followed hard upon the development by Germany of her then super-powered bombers, the Gothas. The Gothas first appeared over London, and gave that city the scare of its history. Paris, frightened, organized a definite defense. The defense of Paris itself was assigned to airplanes, and hastily improvised batteries were set up to guard the aerial approaches to the city. It was not long before German reconnaissance planes were observed flying high over Paris, and soon after them came the bombers, at night, fifty to seventy planes in each assault.

The success of the first attacks by air disclosed a vital weakness in the ground forces. In the glare of searchlights, foe and friend looked alike to the gunners below; valuable seconds therefore were lost while they held their fire lest they attack a friendly aircraft. This brought about a revamping of forces. It was decided to hold aircraft on the ground at night, and to send them up only if the guns lost control of the situation.

This arrangement proved successful.

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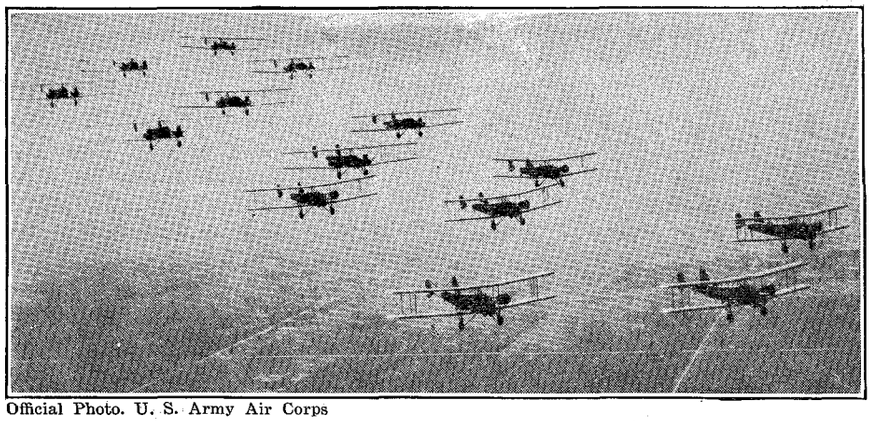


Official Photo. U. S. Army Air Corps

*Latest type bombing planes flying in formation*

During 1918, 483 German planes attacked Paris. Of these, only thirty-seven succeeded in penetrating the outer defenses, and thirteen of these were promptly brought down by the guns. The celebrated raid of September 15, 1918, may be cited. Fifty planes participated in that moonless assault; no less than forty-seven were turned back at the outskirts of the city by the ferocity of the ground fire. Three managed to get above the city; and two of these were destroyed.

This particular raid was preceded by five raids of equal intensity. In none of them did a plane succeed in breaking through. And in England, the anti-aircraft defenses were functioning so smoothly that the number of raids on London dropped from twenty-six, in 1917, to six, in 1918.

There is another way of determining the effectiveness of anti-aircraft. The following table reveals a surprising comparison:

| | *Planes brought down by air service* | *Planes brought down by anti-aircraft* |
|---|---|---|
| Italy ..... | 540 | 129 |
| Germany ..... | 6554 | 1520 |
| France ..... | 2000 | 500 |

It can be seen that anti-aircraft fire accounted for approximately one-fourth of the number of planes destroyed by Italy, France and Germany during the War; and the gun was steadily strengthening its effectiveness during the last two years of the War.

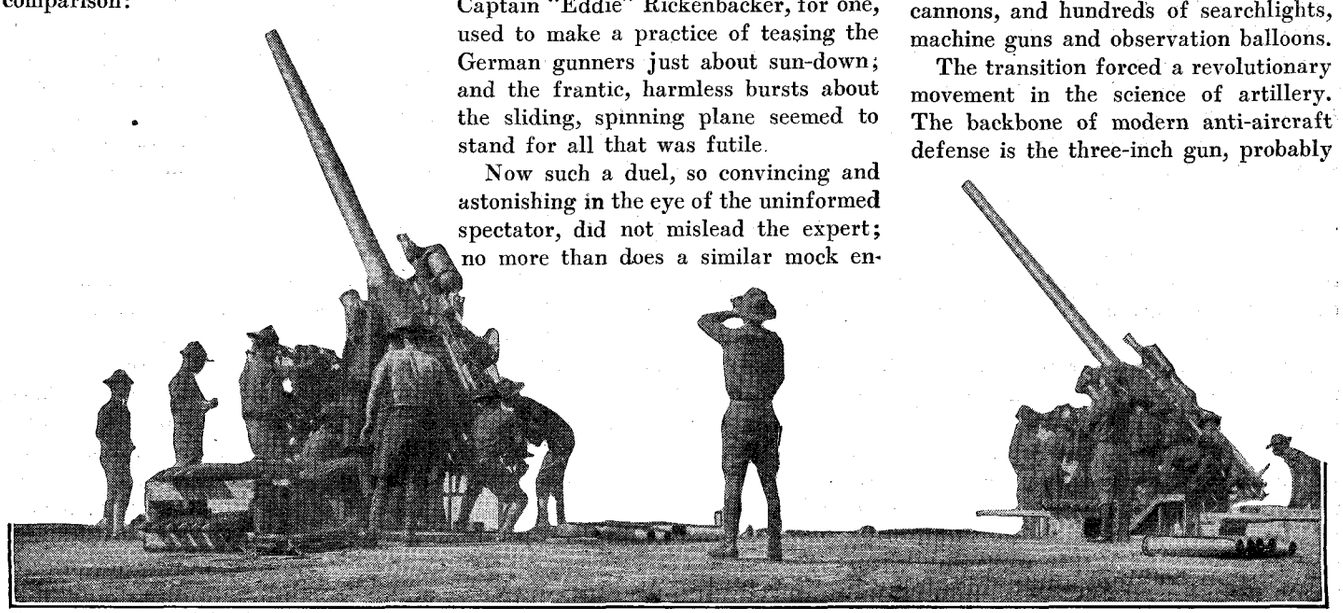
The low repute in which anti-aircraft was (and still is) held is not so much due to an alleged uselessness as to an improper knowledge of its functions and worth within those functions. I fancy that the frequent sight of speedy pursuit craft sliding unconcernedly through puffing bursts from "Archies" was mostly responsible for this condition. These batteries were held in such contempt by combat pilots that a brush with them was considered fine sport. Captain "Eddie" Rickenbacker, for one, used to make a practice of teasing the German gunners just about sun-down; and the frantic, harmless bursts about the sliding, spinning plane seemed to stand for all that was futile.

Now such a duel, so convincing and astonishing in the eye of the uninformed spectator, did not mislead the expert; no more than does a similar mock engagement between pursuit craft and anti-aircraft today. The fact of the matter is, the speedy, agile fighting plane is no great threat to ground installations. It is the bomber that is dangerous, and the bomber cannot seek safety in acrobatics. To aim and drop a bomb with any degree of accuracy, a bomber must fly on an even keel, at a fairly low altitude, for a considerable period of time. More, irrespective of fire, a flight of bombers must preserve formation, otherwise they separately become prey to enemy fighters. And for this reason they are less elusive targets. The destruction of formation by ground fire is sufficient to cause the retreat of a bombing raid.

In the race to match the airplane, anti-aircraft in its post-war development has made singular progress. The improvement has taken form in the increased automatic muzzle velocity of guns, higher rate of fire, automatic fire control, greater mobility, a more effective projectile, and also in better types of searchlights and sound locating devices.

In view of the fact that the art was practically unknown in 1914, the present high efficiency of anti-aircraft seems the more remarkable. The first ground defenses were frantic makeshifts. Practically every type of gun, from the rifle up to fairly heavy field artillery, was jacked up on its mount and turned skyward. But by the end of the War anti-aircraft had become such a specialized arm that France, alone, had in the field in this department 1,500 officers, 40,000 men, 900 cannons, and hundreds of searchlights, machine guns and observation balloons.

The transition forced a revolutionary movement in the science of artillery. The backbone of modern anti-aircraft defense is the three-inch gun, probably



Signal Corps Pictorial Service

*105 mm. anti-aircraft guns in action*

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the most effective field piece in use today. It hits harder, is faster, more mobile, and can be more accurately controlled than any gun of the same calibre. A new type of carriage not only provides a stable platform but also allows it to be transported at great speed without injury. Whereas the celebrated French 75-mm. gun cannot be hauled at speeds greater than fifteen miles an hour, batteries of the American three-inch gun have been hauled at forty miles per hour. They can go into action from traveling position within fifteen minutes. Such characteristics make for great elasticity in anti-aircraft defense, as they make possible the concentration of guns in the quarter from which a reported attack threatens.

While this gun has a vertical range of about six miles and a horizontal range of about eight, its most effective range today is a slant range of approximately 9,000 yards, due to the limitations of fire control. At that distance, a four-gun, three-inch battery, each gun firing at the rate of twenty-five shots per minute, will average 9.15 per cent hits on an airplane structure. With War-time equipment this effective range was about 3,000 yards, the rate of fire eleven shots per minute, and the average expectancy of hits four per cent. The rate of fire, then, has doubled since the War, and the number of hits per minute has approximately trebled.

An increasing number of "hits per minute" is the objective toward which designers of anti-aircraft are constantly striving: and this they have done by (1) increasing the muzzle velocity of the gun; (2) speeding up fire control; and (3) replacing train fuses, which are susceptible to changing atmospheric pressures and therefore inaccurate with time fuses.

Increasing the muzzle velocity means cutting down of the time interval of the projectile in flight, and lessens the margin of safety of aircraft. A War-time projectile required twelve seconds to reach 12,720 feet. In addition to allowing for that, a battery commander had to allow eight seconds lost in telephone ranges to his gunners. Twenty seconds in all—in which interval, if the target was a bomber traveling at the rate of 100 miles per hour, it would have moved 1,000 yards. The commander, therefore, had to plot the burst 1,000 yards ahead, and on the assumed flight path, of the first plotted position of the bomber.

The modern projectile covers that distance in less than eight seconds. Automatic transmission of firing data requires a second and one-half. So the burst of the first salvo is plotted only 425 yards in advance of the bomber, thus reducing the margin of error and, besides, the possibility that the target may meanwhile change its course.

Even more impressive is the improvement in the system of fire control. The War-time system was haphazard. The battery commander made hurried approximations of the hostile airplane's successive positions in space; of its speed, course, range and probable future position: he corrected for wind velocity, muzzle velocity, drift of the shell, and atmospheric density. And yet, for all that, the first salvos were little better than trial shots.

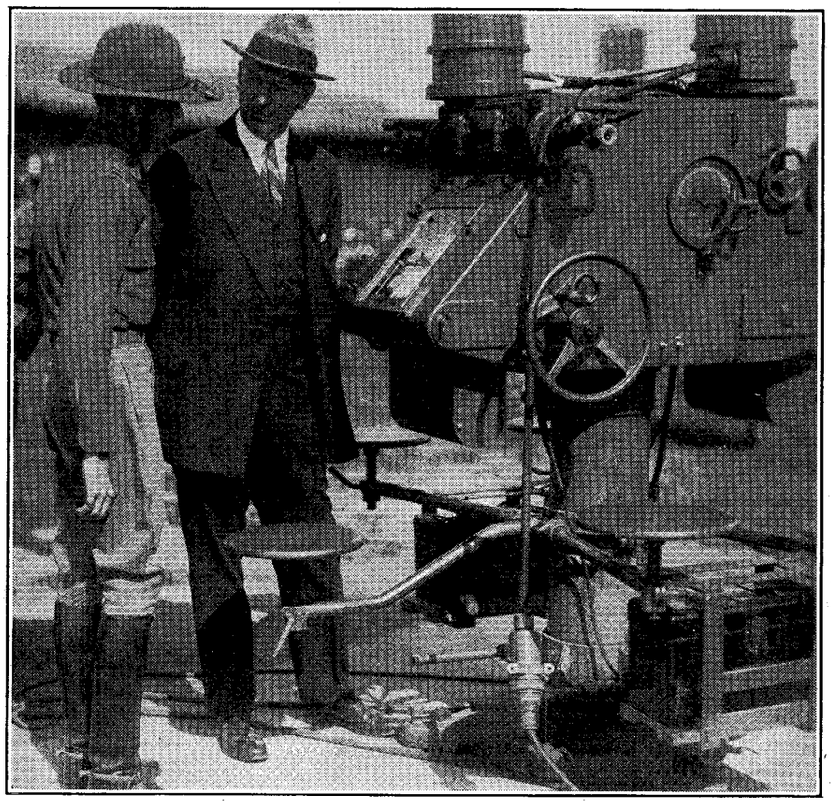
But there has been invented by an American engineer a marvelous robot, encased in a square, uninteresting box, that performs these calculations instantaneously. It is the anti-aircraft director. It sits behind the battery in firing position, with electric wires flowing to it, like nerves to the brain cells. Three-dimensional cams within it allow a man of average intelligence to solve instantly with it problems of involved ballistics that a trained mathematician could not accomplish with pencil in several hours. This mechanism actually keeps abreast of the target and on it.

These computations having been made, but three additional values need be sent to the waiting guns, all other data having been corrected by the director to conditions prevailing exactly at the moment of fire. These values are carried by electricity to a dial on each gun. Facing this dial is another geared to the elevating mechanism of the carriage.

Under actual firing conditions, the operator of the gun need only keep the pointers of the second set of dials in harmony with those controlled by the director, which constantly corrects for the movements of the target. This automatic process does away with cumbersome sights, eliminates time lag and brings all the guns of the battery to bear on the target on the first salvo.

This has made for accuracy and more effective fire. The War-time battery had an *expectancy* of one hit within fifty seconds after the first salvo. The modern battery expects one hit within

*(Please Turn to Page 35)*



Signal Corps Pictorial Service

*THE THINKING MACHINE*

*The new data computer which locates the planes by sounds, computes the data, and directs the firing of the battery*

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# ▶▶ What of the Dictators? ◀◀

*By* T. R. YBARRA

WHEN COMRADE STALIN, the redoubtable dictator of Soviet Russia, began getting himself into the newspaper headlines a few weeks ago, it dawned on newspaper readers all over the world that they hadn't been hearing so very much about dictators for some time. Stalin's little promenade across the front page took them back to those days of not so long ago when Dictator Mussolini of Italy seemed to have obtained something like a monopoly of the limelight and other dictators in other countries were fighting hungrily for such occasional rays of publicity as the great Benito suffered to fall elsewhere than on himself.

Those were the happy days for dictators! Mussolini could count any week lost in which he was not front-paged at least three times. It sufficed for him to make a nasty face at France or scowl at Yugoslavia or make a speech to his Fascisti telling them that they were going to run the world somewhere between one and five years from the date of his speech, in order to have newspapers blazon his remarks in their biggest type and editorial writers and magazine scribes turn out thousands of words extolling him as a genius or denouncing him as a menace. And if it wasn't Mussolini it was some other believer in the doctrine that the way to govern a country is to kick the constitution upstairs, suppress the opposition, and let the newspapers say what they pleased provided it pleased the dictator.

This Golden Age of Dictatorship seems to have passed. Our dictators occasionally get in front of the spotlight still, to be sure, but they rarely are able to stay there.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED? Can it be that dictators are so numerous and we have grown so accustomed to having them around that we really aren't interested in what they are doing with themselves?

There have been weeks this year when Mussolini did not figure a single time even in the headlines of our dailies making a specialty of European news. As for the newspapers in our cities far from the Atlantic seaboard, he was lucky if he got them to mention him once a month. And this is the man whose scowl became world-famous, whose manner of pounding the table and glaring at visitors was described by such a large number of writers that, if they were placed end to end, they would probably reach from Rome to Naples. What has become of the Mussolini of 1927 and 1928?—even of 1929? Why, he has been attracting so little attention during this Spring of 1930 that, if the writers who have told about meeting him since last New Year's Day were laid end to end, they would scarcely reach across the street in front of the Chigi Palace!

Spain's late dictator had his bath of limelight in the first part of this year, but it was the limelight focussed on a star actor just before the final curtain goes down. After playing a brief return engagement on the front pages of the world's newspapers—where he had not been seen so very often since his spectacular entry into Spanish politics in 1923—Dictator Primo de Rivera gave up his dictatorship, crossed from Spain into France, and suddenly died. Fat black headlines for a day, some columns of obituary, eulogistic on the whole, and then—oblivion! Neither in his dictatorship nor his death did Primo de Rivera arouse much excitement.

OVER IN POLAND, Marshal Pilsudski, whose name, a short time ago, used to spend many a week-end on the front page of newspapers, has dropped out of the news—except for short appearances here and there—even more completely than Mussolini. The Marshal had a way with him in the early days of his dictatorship; he was so unusually impolite to members of the Polish Parliament that he must have set even Mussolini to wondering now and then whether he had been really rough enough to the Italian Opposition. But after a while, when his dictatorship got to running smoothly, Marshal Pilsudski turned into a rather humdrum person. One of the last times I saw him pictured in a newspaper was as a home-loving man, surrounded by members of his family. Why, a candidate for the Presidency of the United States couldn't possibly have looked more meritorious!

And what has become of Admiral Horthy, Regent of Hungary? A few years ago he was every inch a dictator, so much so that he even dared to tell Mr. Karl Hapsburg, when that youth entered the land with the intention of having himself crowned Emperor, that the Hungarians weren't looking for a monarch quite yet, thank you. Since then, though, Horthy has receded so far into the background that some people have forgotten that he is still on the job. He still is, however—an admiral without a fleet, a dictator without a press agent.

Or, if he has a press agent, the world's editors are busy blue-penciling his stuff.

SOME MONTHS AGO King Alexander of Yugoslavia entered the ranks of the European dictators with a loud bang. He issued a manifesto, imbued with a true Mussolinian spirit, the general tenor of which was that he had decided to be the boss of Yugoslavia and that anybody not liking his decision was at liberty to pick out some other country for a residence.

People all over the world who had grown to like reading about the dictators of Europe and their rough little ways picked up their papers every day for a few weeks, expecting great things of King Alexander. But—he simply couldn't keep on the front page; in fact, after a while, one sought him in vain even on the last page.

He may still be dictating and his subjects may still be taking his dictation but the average editor doesn't seem to care.

Our palates have become jaded. We demand highly-spiced fare when it comes to dictatorships. We read that Hugenberg is aspiring to make himself Dictator of Germany and we merely say "Well, what of it?" Excited readers of world-news assure us that it is high time that France—or England—or America—had a dictator and we yawn a perfunctory "Uhhuh." Not long ago a dictator could get the place of honor in any newspaper by merely chasing his country's equivalents of our Congressmen out of his country's equivalent of our House of Representatives. Now, however, it is probable that he wouldn't get more than a column on an inside page if he had all his country's Congressmen shot and all its Senators hanged!

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# The Trend of Events

## The Fire at Columbus

THIS MUCH, or rather this little, we know from the Associated Press report of the holocaust at the Ohio State Penitentiary on Monday evening, April 21: "A sudden burst of flame, followed by a dense cloud of smoke .... heralded the beginning of the catastrophe." Exactly what took place thereafter we do not know, and possibly we never shall. O. Henry spent three years at this prison, but even he could not adequately have described the details of the scene at which more than three hundred prisoners lost their lives—the suffocating smoke, the flames, the screaming sirens, the shouting, trapped convicts, the blanketed lines of the dead, the crowds of policemen, soldiers, guards and doctors.

Of course there was the customary official investigation, and of course there was the customary clamor for a goat. This time the goat-hunt was somewhat handicapped, since none of the prison officials had the grace to be defenselessly dead. Alive and vigorous, they all heartily resented any attempt to pin the blame for the tragedy on themselves. It is easy to say that some or all of the prisoners might have been saved had their cells been opened in time. Easy for any one not faced with the numbing task of deciding—without knowing how far the series of fires would go, or how many of them had been set by the prisoners—whether or not to free hundreds of criminals, and, possibly, loose them upon the community.

Fundamentally, the blame for the Columbus horror rests on the shoulders of the Ohio State government, which crowded 4,300 prisoners into accommodations designed for 1,500, into an institution which, according to the 1929 report compiled by the National Society of Penal Information, "suffers from overcrowding worse than that in any other large prison."

Probably it will be impossible to blame this overcrowding on any one goat, and that is always a disappointment after a great catastrophe, but here, nevertheless, is the fact about the Columbus fire that will be remembered when most of the others have been forgotten.

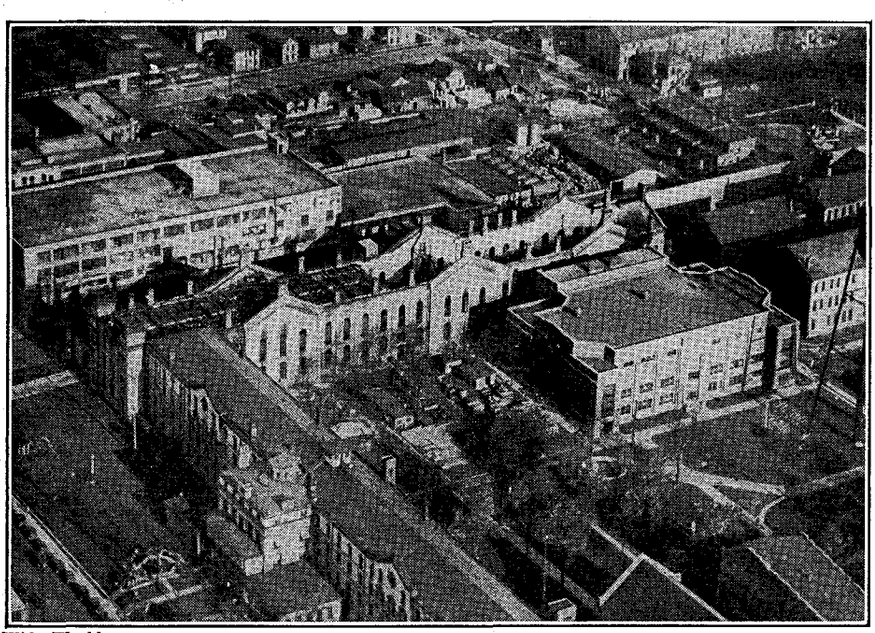
## At the Lobby Inquiry

DRY MEMBERS of the Senate lobby committee welched very prettily when it came to a genuine show-down. For days they had examined, re-examined and cross-examined Henry H. Curran, president of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, unearthing little of interest and less of value. Not once did they hesitate to make public and discuss confidential material from the association's files. Not once, that is, until they found a series of confidential reports on members of, and candidates for, Congress. Thereupon that reputedly fearless investigator, Senator Walsh of Montana, promptly made the discovery that these reports "would only cause embarrassment to a lot of people."

Possibly they would cause embarrassment, especially to tippling drys in Congress. Surely they would cause embarrassment to at least one pussy-footing candidate for Congress, of whom it was reported: "He drinks beer in speakeasies, and points to his glass when asked where he stands, but will not say anything." Yet when before have the lobby committeemen decided to stay strictly within the purposes of their investigation, and when before have they been so chary of hurting other people's feelings?

Of one fact alone were the lobby committeemen able to make a respectable headline. They revealed that Thomas W. Phillips, Jr., candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania and a vice-president of the association, had written three letters to two members of the United States Supreme Court expressing his views on prohibition. This, to Senator Robinson of Indiana, constituted "lobbying directly with the Supreme Court." "It is the most amazing thing I ever heard of," he said. Yet we fail to see how this correspondence between Mr. Phillips and two old friends on the Supreme Court is essentially different from that between the militantly dry Irving Fisher and the late Chief Justice Taft. Surely the legal convictions of a Supreme Court judge cannot be shaken by a letter or two from a friend. How, then, have the Phillips letters any importance?

We put the question but, since Mr. Phillips is numbered among the Outlook's stockholders, refrain from answering it. Possibly we would feel differently had the committee revealed that letters on prohibition had been sent to two Supreme Court Justices by, say, Bishop Cannon. Our readers must decide the merits of this case for themselves.



Wide World

*SCENE OF THE HOLOCAUST*

*General view of the Columbus, Ohio, State Penitentiary after the fire*

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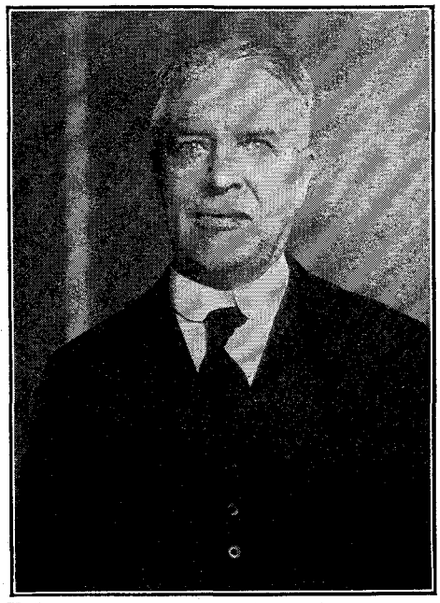
## ▶▶*Wet-Dry Hearing Ends*

Two DAYS of wet testimony ended the hearings before the House Judiciary



Underwood

*LIQUOR COMMISSIONER*
*Sir Henry Drayton, Chairman of the Control Board of Ontario*

Committee. Prohibition's opponents made excellent use of their time.

Mrs. Mary Riis, president of the Jacob A. Riis Neighborhood Settlement in Henry Street, denied earlier testimony by welfare workers that prohibition has improved conditions on New York's East Side. She is convinced that "prohibition has been a distinct failure, and that it is well on the way to being a very dangerous failure."

W. W. Roper, head coach at Princeton, contradicted earlier testimony from college directors of athletics by declaring that, under prohibition, temperance has suffered a setback. There is no more drinking among college students nowadays, he said, "but there is a more vicious kind of drinking."

Pierre S. duPont exploded numerous dry arguments, pointing out, among other things, that the decrease in the American death rate from natural causes under prohibition has been practically duplicated in wet England.

Representative Tinkham presented a statistical table showing that prohibition has not increased savings; that, indeed, the increase in total savings deposits during the nine years preceding prohibition was fourteen per cent greater than during the nine years following prohibition.

Probably the star witness before the committee was Sir Henry L. Drayton, chairman of the Liquor Control Board of Ontario, who testified that the substitution of regulation for prohibition in that province had aided the cause of temperance. Though he politely refrained from drawing the parallel, he said in effect that conditions under prohibition in Ontario were what they are in the United States. The voters of Ontario, he declared, "found that the liquor control law gave the better results they wanted. They considered government control better than bootlegger control." Showed a table used by former-Premier Drury in his recent dry testimony before the committee, Sir Henry called it an unreliable campaign document "prepared by a prohibition protagonist who was a good preacher but a poor statistician."

That the nine days of wet testimony before the committee were far more impressive than the nine days of dry testimony seems to us hardly arguable, though doubtless we shall be accused of prejudice for saying so.

## ▶▶*Air-Consciousness*

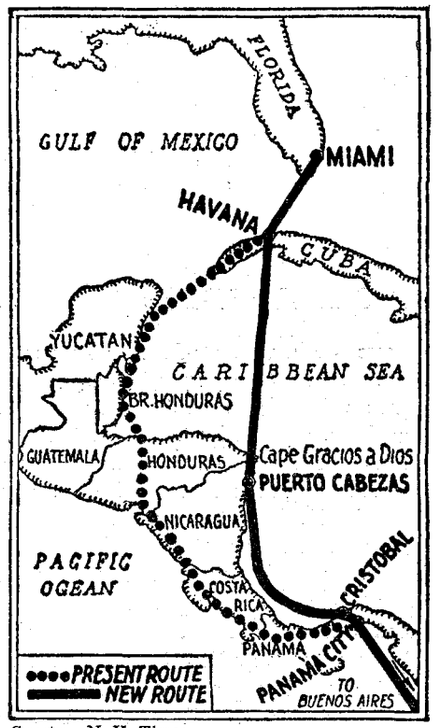
LINDBERGH FLIES in record time from Los Angeles to New York and America accepts the fact rather calmly. Within the same week, with a 1200-mile hop across the blue Caribbean, he opens the world's fastest 7,000-mile air line, from New York to Buenos Aires. The calmness with which America notes the achievement amounts almost to indifference.

The first flight, made by Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh in a few minutes less than fifteen hours, is important as a test of the theory that greater speed and efficiency can be obtained in the higher altitudes. The second represents another jump in the rather swift expansion of the air mail services to Central and South America. In the first, the Colonel averaged 180 miles an hour, maintaining an elevation, during most of the trip, of more than 10,000 feet. In the second, he straightened the line to Panama by flying over water instead of taking the old land route over Yucatan, Honduras, Nicaragua and Costa Rica. Reading of these feats, however, the average American remarks, "At it again, eh?" and quickly turns over to the baseball scores.

This is more than personal indifference, more than boredom with the methodical successes of Colonel Lindbergh. As he wished, the nation has become air-conscious, but with overtones of sophistication. The public has tired of flying ballyhoo, has rebelled at the unending necessity for discriminating between air stunts and legitimate aviation developments. It has reacted from the hysterical Atlantic-hopping of 1927-8, and from the more irritating buzz of endurance tests last summer. Its interest will be recaptured with the arrival of cheap and safe air transportation; in the meantime, it cares comparatively little whether or not Lieutenant Whoozis clips two seconds off Whatsisname's record from Here to Wherever or flies upside-down in the Grand Canyon. The reaction is commendable, but with it comes the danger that inadequate attention will be given to aviation developments of real significance.

## ▶▶*Lindbergh*

AS TO LINDBERGH HIMSELF—his glamour as a popular hero wears thin. Newspaper readers have had more than ample opportunity to become acquainted with him during the three years since he circled unobtrusively over Le Bourget. They find him a remarkable man—perhaps a genius—but not the stuff that




Courtesy N. Y. Times

*The Lindbergh Route*

idols are made of. Men find him too infallible. Women who consider whom they would like to run away with—and do not most women speculate at some

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time on the delights of running away with some one?—decide against the Colonel. At least, Buddy Rogers or the Prince of Wales wouldn't keep them flying all the time.

A psychiatrist of the Adlerian school, Dr. W. Beran Wolfe, finds Lindbergh a genius, according to the formula that a genius is one "who works out a personal sense of inadequacy in terms of superlative accomplishment which is socially valuable." Whether he agrees with or is interested in this formula, it seems apparent that the average person has instinctively discovered certain traits in Lindbergh's character which psychologists point to as indications of genius. His aloofness, for instance; his single-track mind, his lack of humor, his dominating one-ness. These are chilling qualities. They do not inspire warm friendliness or lasting wholesale adulation.

Similarly, it is not his contemporaries, but writers and musicians a hundred years from now, who will make Lindbergh immortal. He is a logical and, we believe, inevitable hero for the next century's epic poets and creators of such music-drama as Wagner's *Ring of the Nibelung*. Indeed, he is not unlike Wagner's hero Siegfried—the naïve, prank-playing, "glorified Boy Scout" who achieved off-handedly, simply by being unconscious of the possibility of failure. With time and perspective, Lindbergh will quicken imagination as a symbolic figure. It will be unimportant whether he was a popular hero, or even a genius, or not.

## ▸▸*Symbols of Revolt*

Signs of the ever-developing revolt against prohibition now bob up in the news regularly, conspicuously and in numbers, even in Maine. For the first time in six years, Maine boasts of a man running for national office as a wet. Dugald B. Dewar, candidate for the Republican nomination for Senator, is torturing his Republican colleagues for adopting a bone-dry plank at their recent state convention, where, he says, liquor was "supplied in quantity and partaken of copiously." Hence the bone-dry plank. "Big heads, sick stomachs and remorse will sometimes work out this way."

Two new wet organizations further symbolize the anti-prohibition movement. One is the National Temperance League, favoring the sale of liquor by the Federal Government, with local option, and claiming a membership of 5,000, drawn chiefly from the professions. The second is the Anti-Speakeasy League, founded under the auspices of the monthly, *Vanity Fair*.

Of far greater import are, first, the recent anti-prohibition convention in Cleveland, the first ever called by women, and, secondly, the shift to the wet side by Joseph H. Frelinghuysen, candidate against Dwight W. Morrow for the Republican nomination for Senator from New Jersey. Four hundred women, representing more than half the states, met in Cleveland at the call of Mrs. Charles H. Sabin, chairman of the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform. Their determined opposition to prohibition may pain and confuse office-holders who have been swallowing the statement by Mrs. Ella A. Boole, president of the W. C. T. U., that, "as long as the 19th Amendment stands, the 18th Amendment will stand also."

Keystone

*SAVED*

*Joseph S. Frelinghuysen, once unrepentant dry, converted to wet cause*

But it will neither pain nor confuse Mr. Frelinghuysen, who has looked about him, taken thought and decided on a complete back flop. In 1917, then a Senator, he voted for the 18th Amendment. Two years later he voted for the Volstead act. Now he has announced that, if elected, he will vote for any change in the amendment or the act which carries out the principles of national control, elimination of private profit and the prevention of the saloon.

His utterance was well timed. It was made while his state buzzed with reports that Mr. Morrow, returning from London, would favor modification of the Volstead act in a public address on April 30. Mr. Frelinghuysen's statement came a full week beforehand, on April 22, and went the whole hog, opposing both the act and the amendment itself. We expect to see other drys follow where Frelinghuysen has led.

## ▸▸*In Sum*

The naval treaty signed at London on April 22, 1930, is to expire on December 31, 1936. Presumably there will be another naval conference in 1935. The preamble of the London treaty mentions neither the League of Nations nor the Kellogg pact, since the Americans opposed any reference to the League while the other powers opposed mentioning the pact to the League's exclusion.

In theory it is a five-power treaty, though France and Italy agree to nothing consequential save the provisions for a battleship holiday and for the humanization of submarines. The former provision states that the five powers will build no capital ships for six years, except that France and Italy may construct those which, under the Washington treaty of 1922, they were privileged to, but did not, construct before 1930. The latter provision states that, unless a merchant vessel refuses to stop, or resists search, a submarine may not sink it without first having taken off passengers and crew and put them in a place of safety.

The heart of the treaty provides for the limitation of battleships, cruisers, destroyers and submarines by Japan, Great Britain and the United States. Britain is to scrap four battleships, the United States two. Britain, Japan and the United States are each to set aside one battleship to be used as a training ship. Britain and the United States, therefore, will each have fifteen battleships left, while Japan will have nine.

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Of large cruisers bearing guns of a calibre of more than 6.1 inches, the United States is to have 18, Britain 15 and Japan 12. The American total will be 180,000 tons, the British 146,800, the Japanese 108,400. Of small cruisers bearing guns of a calibre of 6.1 inches or less, the United States is to have 143,500 tons, Britain 192,200 tons and Japan 100,450 tons. Of submarines, the United States, Britain and Japan are to have 52,700 tons apiece. Of destroyers, Britain and the United States are to have 150,000 tons apiece, while of this class Japan is to have 105,450 tons.

As to the so-called safeguarding clause, it says in effect that if France or Italy builds more ships Britain will build more to match them, and that proportionate increases may therefore be made by the United States and Japan. So that the London agreement, which can be called a reduction treaty only by courtesy, can be called a limitation treaty only by courtesy also.

## ▶▶*In Congress*

As a whole, the London treaty seems to us somewhat, but not very much, better than nothing. To certain big navy men in the Senate and House it seems somewhat worse than death. Lengthy hearings on it will be held by the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, under the chairmanship of Senator Borah, by the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs, under the chairmanship of Senator Hale, and by the House Committee on Naval Affairs, under the chairmanship of the well-known big gun and armament man, Representative Britten. The House Committee butts in, not because the House has anything to do with ratifying the treaty, but because naval appropriations originate in that body, and because Representative Britten winces whenever his country scraps so much as a cap-pistol.

If only these hearings were intended to show that the naval treaty is a poor little thing to make so much fuss over, to show what a measly product it is, considering the ardent efforts that, amid the playing of bands and firing of rockets, have gone into it ever since Hugh S. Gibson's speech before the League of Nations Preparatory Disarmament Commission a year ago—if only these things were true, one could follow the course of the hearings with some interest. But both Senator Hale and Representative Britten are expected to produce evidence showing that passages in the treaty are highly perilous to the United States and this, of course, is merely silly. If any of the five powers won a diplomatic triumph at London, it was the United States, whose representatives returned home bearing precisely what they set out to get, namely, parity with Britain.

Big navy men in Congress feel that the treaty should have permitted the United States to build more of the large 10,000-ton cruisers, which are best adapted to our needs. They also object because the treaty prevents us from completing, though not from laying down, three of our 10,000-tonners before 1936. It is, however, absurd to pretend that this cruiser provision renders our fighting fleet materially inferior to Britain's. Yet that is the way the big-navy argument runs. Nor does it ever seem to occur to the Hales and the Brittens that, if we intended to make no concessions, if we intended to build exactly what we pleased when we pleased, we might have spared ourselves the expense of attending the conference.

Keystone

*LEFT WINGER*

*James Maxton, leader of British Independent Labor Party*

## ▶▶*Laborites Split*

With the revolt of the Independent Labor party at its recent convention in Birmingham, the British National Labor party splits into two pieces. Nominally, about 200 of the 289 Laborites in the House of Commons are members of the Independent Labor party, of which James Maxton has just been re-elected president. Actually, only thirty follow Maxton's leadership. Henceforth these thirty will oppose the MacDonald government consistently, and must, therefore, be numbered with the Tories in the Opposition.

The schism was not unexpected. During the debate in Parliament on unemployment insurance the harshest criticism of the government's measures came neither from the Liberals nor from the Conservatives, but from Maxton's left-wingers. So with the debate on Chancellor Snowden's budget. The Independent Laborites complain that the MacDonald government is too conservative and therefore untrue to the slogan, "Socialism in Our Time."

An entity apart from the National Labor party, the Independent Labor party once furnished much of the intellectual inspiration for the movement which carried MacDonald into power. Lately it has lost its strength. The realistic Mr. Snowden parted company with it two years ago. Mr. MacDonald, scoring its "flashy futilities," followed suit. So doing, he challenged the Left-wingers to do their worst, and hereafter they intend to. Their defection may prove embarrassing. Thus repudiating radicalism, MacDonald may increase popular confidence in his ministry, but the Independents' thirty votes in Parliament are badly needed by a government already in the minority. For the time being, the support of the fifty-nine Liberals will more than offset the Left-wing revolt, but continuance of such support depends upon the degree to which the government caters to the shifty Lloyd George.

The Independent rebellion warns MacDonald against basing his government too largely on foreign policies. While the radicals criticize the conduct of the government in India and Egypt, their chief complaint is that it has failed to improve the economic situation in the British Isles. Though the British public may reject their proposed remedy of more socialism, involving confiscation of large estates and public operation of the Bank of England, it may neverthe-

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less endorse their diagnosis. It is quite plain that MacDonald's most pressing problems now lie almost wholly at home.

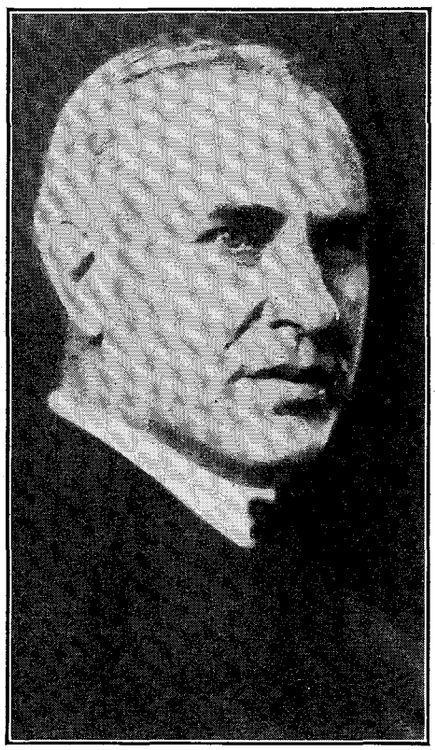
## ▸▸*Suggestion*

PROBABLY NO ONE would deny that two of the greatest problems before the United States today are prohibition and unemployment. Probably no one would deny that a plan to solve these two great problems with one great answer would be an extraordinarily fine plan. We therefore count ourselves as fortunate to be able to suggest just such a plan herewith.

Attorney General Mitchell recently informed a senatorial committee that any further stimulation of prohibition enforcement just now would be most unwise. Our bone dry friends will note that this radical statement rips one vital plank right off the prohibition platform. Prohibition, says the prohibitionist, is to be imposed on the United States by force—by putting more violators in more jails for more years. But Mr. Mitchell says there aren't any more jails to put them in. Chiefly because of the prohibition laws, the number of Federal prisoners has increased by 6,277 in nine months. Even with thousands of Federal prisoners farmed out to county and state prisons and reformatories, Federal prisons are overcrowded. "We have had the Federal barracks at Leavenworth turned over to us and have borrowed two or three camp sites from the War Department, and are trying to take care of our prisoners in that way," says Mr. Mitchell plaintively. No use. The demand for space is still much greater than the supply.

Now the most effective way for the Government to help solve the unemployment problem is to construct public works, particularly public buildings. But isn't a prison a public building? To be sure it is, and the construction of a prison sets quite as many men to work as the construction of a post-office. Our plan, then, is that Congress launch a great prison building program, thereby killing both the enforcement and the unemployment birds with one stone. The more new Federal prisons, the more room for prohibition law violators. If there were only somewhere to put these violators after they were caught, there would be a more determined effort to catch them. This would mean better enforcement of prohibition, which in turn would mean less unemployment, since it would necessitate more United States Attorneys, judges, snoopers to spy on citizens, and sleuths to spy on snoopers. Furthermore, every citizen lugged off to jail would leave behind him a job to be filled by some one remaining outside the bars. Eventually, there would be a job for every man at liberty and the unemployment problem would be solved.

Is our suggestion faintly ridiculous? Maybe, but it won't seem so to Congress. Certainly, at worst, it is not half as ridiculous as the 18th Amendment, the Volstead act and the Jones law, and Congress didn't think they were ridiculous at all.



Keystone

*GATHERS GOVERNORS*
*O. Max Gardner of North Carolina, who called conference at Asheville*

## ▸▸*Gardner's Conference*

NOT WITHOUT advance notice did O. Max Gardner, Governor of North Carolina, call the Governors of six other southeastern states to Asheville to cope with problems common to them all. He suggested this sectional approach to the troubles of the textile industry last September, while the labor outbreaks, partly of Communist origin, were at their height. His aims, he said, were higher wages and shorter hours for the mill workers; abolition of the mill-village-company-housing system, and co-operation between capital, labor and the state. The conference at Asheville indicates that he was in earnest.

To his platform he has since added plans for reducing over-production in the textile industry and for relaxing the foreclosure policy of the Federal Farm Loan Banks. Again he is demonstrating the vigor he showed in seeking a fair trial for Communists accused of killing a Gastonia police chief and in demanding that the murderers of Ella May Wiggins be brought to trial.

Standing over six feet and weighing more than two hundred pounds, Gardner has earned his reputation as a fighter. Sixteen years old at the beginning of the Spanish-American war, he could not enlist in the regular army, but he was hardy enough to join up as a teamster with the Second Illinois Regiment. When his farmer parents died leaving no estate, he earned his way through North Carolina's agricultural college and state university, captained the football teams of both schools, and kept in training during the summer by rolling off the roof of his sister's woodshed.

In politics, he has been rolling over opposing candidates since he was a twenty-four year old lawyer. In six years he was in the state Senate; in four more he was Lieutenant-Governor. He lost the Democratic nomination for Governor in 1920, but won it in 1928. A Baptist and a dry, an Elk and an Odd Fellow, Gardner opposed Smith's nomination but plugged for his election. He has initiated modern farming methods, directed banks, organized and managed textile mills. As Governor, he uses the radio to plead for bigger and better food crops and fights day and night against tenant farming. Striving to improve industrial standards in the South, he may now have tackled the hardest fight of his life.

## ▸▸*Pre-Election Gift*

POLITICIANS helped themselves by helping the veterans when the House of Representatives passed a measure increasing the cost of caring for ex-soldiers to about $1,000,000,000 annually. As introduced, the bill provided merely that all major disabilities suffered by veterans before January 1, 1925, be presumed to have been incurred in the line of duty. To Congressmen out for renomination and reelection, this seemed miserly and inadequate.

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First came an amendment extending the "presumptive" period for chronic constitutional and neurotic diseases to January 1, 1930. Then one extending the period to that date for all diseases. Then one shearing away most of the right of the Veterans' Bureau to offer evidence refuting claims of disability. Moreover, a host of minor amendments were whooped through, including one under which veterans in hospitals would be paid $8 a month. Long before the last was adopted, Representative Johnson of South Dakota, originally the sponsor of the bill, disavowed all responsibility for it, asking that it be known by the name of Representative Rankin of Mississippi, who led the amending hordes.

Adoption of the measure with all its amendments by a vote of 324-49 was the answer of the House to Mr. Hoover's renewed appeal for economy. Last fall the President confidently predicted a surplus of $40,000,000 at the end of the next fiscal year. On the basis of appropriations already made, he now estimates that the Treasury will face a deficit of almost $30,000,000. If measures approved by congressional committees are adopted, he fears that the deficit may amount to $350,000,000. In view of the spendthrift attitude of the House, Congress cannot escape some of the blame if the country goes in the red, but responsibility also rests with the President himself. On the day he issued his second economy appeal he recommended extra appropriations of about $30,000,000 for public works. It was he who initiated the proposal to reduce taxes last fall, and he who recommended the additional appropriation of $100,000,000 for the Federal Farm Board. Truth is, the Administration, as well as Congress, is temperamentally in favor of open purse strings.

## ▶▶*White House Library*

SCENE: *The White House.* President and Mrs. Hoover are standing before a long row of bookshelves, empty except for twelve volumes, the first installment of the five hundred to be presented by the American Booksellers' Association as a permanent presidential library. The twelve titles are *Sticks and Stones* by Lewis Mumford, *The Leavenworth Case* by Anna Katharine Green, *The Compleat Angler* by Izaak Walton, *Tom Jones* by Henry Fielding, *The Winning of the West* by Theodore Roosevelt, *The Time of Man* by Elizabeth Madox Roberts, *Voyages of Captain Cook, Uncle Remus* by Joel Chandler Harris, *Johnny Appleseed* by Vachel Lindsay, *The Universe Around Us* by Sir James Jeans, *Autobiography of America* edited by Mark Van Doren, *Varieties of Religious Experience* by William James.

*Mrs. H.*—I hope they send the rest of those books in one batch. There's nothing I hate worse than a lot of empty shelves.

*Mr. H.*—Mmm. Well, quarter to ten. About time to turn in. I've got a heavy day tomorrow.

*Mrs. H.*—I think I'll sit up a while.

*Mr. H.*—You'd better get to bed. Here—take William James with you. Or *The Universe Around Us.* They'll put you to sleep in a hurry.

*Mrs. H.*—I was thinking I'd read *The Leav—.* Now Bert; promise me you won't rip the paper jackets off all these books the way you always do. They're not really ours, remember.

*Mr. H.*—Jackets are a nuisance. Here's *The Compleat Angler.* I wonder why everybody who goes fishing is expected to like that book. And *Johnny Appleseed,* eh? That's one I'm going to miss. I never liked poetry and now I don't have to pretend to.

*Mrs. H.*—Do leave *Uncle Remus* in its cover, at least. It's such a protection and the children will be after it. My, I wonder if we'll be here long enough for me to read *Tom Jones.* I've never gotten through it yet.

*Mr. H. (beaming)*—With luck, you'll have seven years.

*Mrs. H.*—*Sticks and Stones* is another I've never gotten around to. Well, you go on upstairs if you're ready. Try the Roosevelt, why don't you? Or *Captain Cook* or this *Autobiography of America.* Or—here. *The Time of Man.* They say that's good.

*Mr. H.*—You know I don't like books written by women.

*Mrs. H. (brightening)*—That's right. I guess I'll—

*Mr. H.*—Now, Lou, you're tired. Better not sit up half the night reading.

*Mrs. H.*—I'm not at all sleepy, really.

*Mr. H.*—You look a bit fagged, though. Better try to get some sleep. I'm going to. Good night.

*(He slides "The Leavenworth Case" from the shelf and exits hastily.)*

*Mrs. H.*—Just as I thought.

## *Remarkable Remarks*

We have all agreed that, while these reports [lists of Congressmen who drink wet and vote dry] would be very interesting to the newspapers, they are so remotely connected with the purpose of this committee that they should not be made public, as they would only cause embarrassment to a lot of people. —SENATOR THOMAS J. WALSH.

I never saw a legislator refuse a drink.—MRS. ARCHIBALD ROOSEVELT.

Men in public life in this country are permitted to indulge in the luxury of good taste only moderately. —CALVIN COOLIDGE.

I cannot believe that I am the only person in America who is sick of seeing the front page every morning and every evening flaring with prohibition.—PROFESSOR WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

My father was a good story teller and a splendid mimic and I inherited some of his talents along those lines. —SENATOR J. THOMAS HEFLIN.

After traveling hundreds of miles through Brazilian jungle to come upon Ford's rubber plantation, Fordlandia is like a dream; here is a little corner of the United States; electric lights, telephones, washing machines, victrolas, electric refrigerators, a civilizing influence.—MAJOR LESTER BAKER.

We are just getting on top of the world . . . Our courts are full, our jails are full, our politicians are full. If we can't house a prisoner, we burn him up.—WILL ROGERS.

The radio question was inserted in the 1930 census at the direct request of the Radio Manufacturer's Association.—H. H. FROST, *R.M.A. Committeeman.*

## ▶▶*In Brief*

ONE TRUSTS that all editorial writers and paragraphers have taken a solemn vow not to refer to the Lindbergh's prospective heir as the lone eaglet . . . . Senator Heflin calls his fight for re-election "a battle of old-time Protestantism against Roman political Catholicism." So that the November election in Alabama, as we understand it, will determine which of these two faiths is to die out and which to survive. . . . The promise of those Ohio convicts to confine themselves to passive resistance could have reassured only those authorities who have skipped the recent news from India . . . . Prohibition Administrator Campbell of New York has definitely decided to "rid New York of the hip flask toters." It was King Canute, you remember, who definitely decided to

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keep back the sea . . . . No doubt that is an enviable young Minister of Communications who married Mr. Mussolini's daughter Edda. And no doubt he realizes how unfortunate it might be should the bride go home with a grievance to her parents . . . . "The past fourteen weeks," says Secretary Stimson, "have given me more confidence in my belief that the peaceful methods of diplomacy can eventually take the place of war than anything I have witnessed since the last War drew to a close." Apparently one of the easiest things to do is to give Secretary Stimson more confidence in his belief that the peaceful methods of diplomacy can eventually take the place of war.

# Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THOUGH IT SEEMS almost sinful to give him warning, Bishop Cannon may as well prepare to undergo considerable punishment at the hands of the Senate Lobby Committee. If the Virginia divine has concluded from the Senators' merciless treatment of Henry H. Curran, the $25,000-a-year president of the Raskobian Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, that the four dry inquisitors—Messrs. Caraway, Walsh, Borah and Robinson—will let him off easily and ecclesiastically, he was never more mistaken. We have something more than a suspicion that when the committee has finished with him, he will wish with all the devoutness of the true churchman that he had never entered politics or set up shop as caretaker of the public morals, and of the dry laws in particular. We are telling no secrets when we say that a certain influential group in the Methodist Church South would like to discipline him, and that they count on Thad Caraway to supply them with material.

As we have suggested, Mr. Curran had a most unpleasant seven days on the witness stand. We are told, however, that he was fortified with the unofficial information that he was handled so roughly simply to justify an equally scorching examination of the good Bishop when his turn comes. We understand that Senator Blaine, the only wet on the committee, refrained from rushing to Mr. Curran's defense in several emergencies so that he can cite his restraint should Robinson seek to shield the drys' godly general. We derive some amusement from the thought that Mr. Cannon may anticipate only a formal inquiry into his activities, in view of the committee's predilection for prohibition. Since we were the first to call attention to the unfair and unauthorized actions of some of the inquisitors (though we note a growing belief that the lobby hunt has on occasions become a disgraceful proceeding) we may, perhaps, be pardoned if we suggest that a severe bombardment of the Bishop will even matters a bit.

The reasons for the committee's reported readiness to hurt the anti-Smith pulpiteer, if it can, are curious. Mr. Blaine, of course, is an avowed wet, supported "Al" Smith in 1928, and makes no bones about his desire to hit back. Mr. Caraway, though a dry, was also strong for ex-Governor Smith, whose running mate, Senator "Joe" Robinson, comes from the same state as the committee chairman. Moreover, Caraway is an old-fashioned Democrat, and resents Mr. Cannon's desertion of the party. Mr. Walsh, another dry, is an extreme partisan, despite a general impression to the contrary, and never misses a chance, as the record reveals, to defend Democratic principles and personalities. Besides, the Senator from Montana who prides himself upon his fairness, has been severely criticized for his seeming partiality during the inquiry, and he will undoubtedly seize upon this chance to show that they all look alike to him, wets and drys, Democrats and Republicans. Though the Honorable Mr. Borah has, for some mysterious motive, given the committee the go-by, having attended hardly a single session in months, we suspect he may grasp this opportunity to prove that religious prejudice did not animate him in the 1928 campaign—a suggestion he rightfully and hotly resents.

Enright in N. Y. Evening World

*Dynamite!*

So we predict a tough time for Mr. Cannon. Nevertheless, we cannot suppress a smile at the thought that in order to answer allegations of unfairness, the committee is getting ready to administer to the poor Bishop the lambasting of his long and merry life.

"Little Arthur," as colleagues and correspondents characterize Mr. Robinson, will undoubtedly do his utmost to champion the cleric, but his best is usually pretty poor. Rarely have we seen so awkward an exhibition as he has furnished in his rash rôle of defender of Claudius H. Huston, G.O.P. national chairman. It was Robinson's inexpert questioning which turned the trail toward Huston's brokerage account and straight to the disclosure that the latter had, temporarily, used funds contributed to his Muscle Shoals lobby for speculation in Wall Street. Then, too, it was the Hoosier statesman's savage attack upon John J. Raskob that permitted the big-hearted New York financier to emerge in a more attractive light than his would-be torturer.

As a matter of record, it was a newspaper correspondent, we hear, who inspired Robinson to summon Raskob. As frequently happens, the newspaper man was hard up for a "piece for the paper" one day, but he had the brilliant idea of putting the Democratic chieftain on the pan, and he sold it to the Hoosierite. We also understand the correspondents supplied most of the few really pertinent questions hurled at both Curran and Raskob by the Senator. It is, perhaps, unfair to Robinson to stress this kind of assistance, for the "hickory-headed scribblers," as "Tom" Heflin calls them, often serve in this capacity. In fact, Harry F. Sinclair might not have inhabited the local hoosegow for six months had it not been for questions suggested to the senatorial investigators by more nimble-minded journalists.

A. F. C.

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# The Drift to Peace

*An Editorial by A. G. Keller*

IF THE FATE of war were to be decided by a world-referendum, its lovers would turn out to be few and far between. Here and there, in the isolation of savagery, some robber tribe would vote fighting a good, natural business; now and then, in civilized countries, one would run across individuals or small groups who, out of some special interest or pet philosophy, would profess approval of armed conflict for its own sake. But the masses of mankind and, especially, perhaps, of womankind, would turn thumbs down. Nor would any great nation, however reputedly militaristic, champion war in the abstract. It is enough to recall how each party to the late violence sought to evade the responsibility for having started it—how each pointed an accusing finger at some other in horrified reprobation. Even yet there are recurrent rumblings about War-guilt. No nation has been hardy enough to stand forth and proclaim: "We started it. We believe in it. We are proud of what we did." If a nation should do that, it could win no applause or admiration except for frankness. The world would be against it.

All through history, the wails of mankind under the scourge of war have broken through the paeans of victory and the frenzied shouts alongside the triumphal car. War-madness has swept over whole peoples, and the sword and uniform have hypnotized men as well as women; but there has not been lacking a constant throbbing undertone of sadness and suffering. Poets and religious leaders, while glorifying slaughter and ascribing to God the savagery of an Attila, have let slip indications of the miseries of the nameless, numberless victims of conflict. Homer's deeds of arms are set before a background of human pain and loss; the woes of those whose home has been taken are recorded in more than an aside: "They kill the men and fire levels the city; and others lead away the children and the deep-girdled women." These are "evil works."

It is possible to go back far beyond Homer and find, among the veriest savages, a keen sense of the woes of war. To one who reviews the long perspective, it is as if the race had borne, strapped to its back, an enormous, cruel burden which it would gladly have thrown off if it had known how. The same might be said of the religious cult, with its fabulous wastage of capital, labor, time, and life. It is only through an unemotional study of the services to society performed by war, or by religion, that one comes to see the reason for its persistence, and so can explain to himself the apparent evolutionary paradox of the survival, in all times and places, of what looks to be an unquestionably inexpedient practice.

THIS IS NOT the place to recount what war has done, and alone could have done, for the development of human society. What I hope to show is that there has been, from the outset, so far as we can penetrate toward that far-off time, a constant and strengthening drift toward peace. This development is centered about the extension of the peace-group, and consists in the gradual replacement of violence by less destructive means of attaining the same ends—which are, in last analysis, society's self-maintenance and self-perpetuation.

A peace-group (or in-group, or we-group) is one composed of men and women united by bonds of common interest to such a degree that they keep the peace within, facing perils from without (from the out-group, or others-group) all together, on a common front. The first peace-group is the family, and the primal and longest-continuing bond is that of blood-kinship. When the family expands into the clan, this bond still remains; and it appears, as a survival, in present-day terminology, as when we speak of our Anglo-Saxin cousins or our religious brethren. Later on, the bond of the enlarged peace-group, the tribe, becomes also territorial, and peace comes to prevail over wider areas and greater populations. Then the tribe develops into the state, the state into the confederation. The *Magna Pax Romana* and the *Pax Britannica,* correlative with two "far-flung" empires, eventually appear. The United States is a third example of the extension of the peace-group on the grand scale. If it is true that war is unthinkable between the British Empire and ourselves, then these two greatest peace-groups are in process of coalescence into one. And every one knows of the attempts that have been made to secure, through the League of Nations, a peace-association that shall include all mankind.

THIS IS what is meant by the drift toward peace. I call it a "drift" because, for by far the longer stretch of society's evolution, it has been unplanned. People did no more than squirm out of their painful crises, as these came along, by trying out this and that substitute for violence. At first, they raided one another for women and other property; then, through wife-trading and the barter of goods—often very precarious and cautious, as in the so-called "silent barter"—they arrived at peaceable exogamy and trade. At first, war was like the chase of animal prey, and not infrequently was the quarry eaten, in the one case as in the other; but at length war (and even the chase) was mollified by war-regulations (and game-laws). Poisoned weapons and the envenoming of the water-supply were tabooed; and so were the indiscriminate slaughter of prisoners, the injury of noncombatants, and torture at the stake. Enslavement supplanted annihilation; declaration of proposed hostilities replaced sudden attack; truces and intermediaries (often women) and single combats of champions slipped into the picture. Violence was tabooed at markets, or upon certain days, or during certain hours, or at shrines; the market-peace, women-peace, house-peace, and Peace of God all limited the range of bloodshed. Fights ceased when each side had lost a certain number of men, or even when some one person had been wounded; the list of casualties in savage warfare is generally pretty small. It is possible to set down a considerable roster of mitigations to war adopted by even very backward peoples. One of the most remarkable constructions in history is the League of the Iroquois, attributed to the initiative of Hiawatha, which was a singularly enlightened reach after peace.

Such alleviations might be called a drift away from war, correlative with the foregoing drift toward peace. There has been some back-tracking at times: things were done in

*(Please Turn to Page 34)*

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# The Stream of Business

By FRANK A. FALL

## At the Quarter

CORPORATION earnings have probably never been awaited with keener interest or studied with more care than those reported for the first quarter of 1930. Here was a real test, and possibly the first fair one, of the concrete effects of the stock market reversal on our outstanding units of production and distribution.

Of the major groups, the public utilities appear to have fared best. Many of them show increased earnings over the first quarter of 1929, and virtually all of the rest at least held their own. Favorable comparative showings were also made by the food and dairy divisions, the amusement enterprises, and manufacturers of farm, office and electrical equipment.

Some of the best bets failed to come through. Chain stores and mail order houses, generally regarded as depression-proof, chalked up disappointing figures. The railroads and manufacturing units in a number of varied lines showed reduced earnings as compared with the first quarter of last year. Even these, however, managed to keep out of the red, and most of them are hopeful of better showings for the current quarter. If this hope materializes, and second quarter earnings equal or exceed those of the corresponding period of last year, business will have shown remarkable recuperative power, as the second quarter was the bumper period of 1929.

## Wrapping It Up

IF WE WERE half as clever at wrapping, packaging and crating goods as we are at making, advertising and selling them, there would be no stopping us. We should have the world by the tail, swinging it around our heads to hear it hum.

No one knows how many millions of dollars American business has lost through careless packing for the export trade. We make a delicately balanced, useful and beautiful machine, dump it blithely into a box made of thin pine boards, and send it to Montevideo or Buenos Aires. Long before it gets there the box is kindling wood and the machine a bunch of junk. And we wonder why we receive so many more cancellations and complaints than checks and drafts from South America. One inspection of a sturdy German box or crate should be enough to teach us the needed lesson. When an export container is marked *ausfuhrgut* it is just that.

As we underpack for export, we overpack in our domestic trade. According to Department of Commerce estimates, department stores alone are wasting about nine million dollars a year in the packaging of goods for delivery. Our more than 6,000 department stores distribute annually about three billion packages. A campaign for more scientific and economical wrapping is now on. If you don't get a ream of paper, a pound of corrugated padding and a nickel's worth of string with your next department store package, you will know that the leaven has begun to work.

## INDICES

*(A two-minute summary)*

**Commodity Prices** (Fisher's Index—1926=100) April 26—92.2. (Crump's British Index—1926 =100) April 26—81.7.

**Car Loadings** (American Railway Assn.) Week ended April 12—911,310 cars (increase of 3,382 over preceding week; reduction of 61,842 under same week of 1929).

**Steel Ingot Production** Week ended April 19 —76.5% of capacity (increase of .5% over preceding week; reduction of 21.5% under same week of 1929).

**Crude Oil Production** Week ended April 19—daily average gross 2,560,900 barrels (reduction of 250 under preceding week and of 110,950 under same week of 1929).

**Grain Exports** Week ended April 19—792,000 bushels (reduction of 159,000 under preceding week and of 458,000 under same week of 1929).

**Bank Clearings** (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended April 24—$9,805,933,000 (reduction of 15.5% under preceding week and of 12.8% under same week of 1929).

**Failures** (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended April 24—547 (increase of 56 over preceding week and of 98 over same week of 1929).

## Utopia—Heckscher Style

THE LATEST PLAN for altruistic use of piled-up profits is announced by August Heckscher, who has courageously tackled the job of making over St. John's County, Florida, after a careful study of the work, sources of revenue and methods of operation of the Welfare Association of that county.

This New York philanthropist, whose interests thus far have run chiefly in the direction of the encouragement and development of musical art, may have his limitations, but lack of confidence is not one of them. His announced objective is to build up, as an example to the entire country, one county in which there will be no real poverty, no unattended medical cases, no preventable disease and no avoidable suffering.

Conceivably, actual pauperism might be met by doles, if Mr. Heckscher thinks that such a system is ever right and sound. Public health propaganda can be spread, and visiting physicians and nurses provided. The real test of this modern Utopia will be the abolishment of "avoidable suffering." If that includes mental as well as physical suffering, and Mr. Heckscher can solve the problem, he should be canonized without delay.

## A Primer of Finance

A BOW IS DUE to Albert S. Keister, professor of economics in the North Carolina College for Women, for writing a book on finance which may be read without the aid and comfort of a pot of strong coffee.

The book is *Our Financial System* (Macmillan $2.40) and bids for the attention of three classes of people: those who want a better understanding of finance as a part of their general education; those who have entered or are planning to enter business; and those who are struggling with the management of their own personal finances. That seems to include about all of us except children in arms and inmates of our hospitals and hoosegows.

Mr. Keister has used, as all writers on finance have to, the time-honored arrangement of material,—barter, money, credit, stock, bonds, banking, building and loan associations, insurance, the Federal Reserve, and the instability of money. But his treatment is absolutely unhackneyed. He dares to use short words, illustrative incidents, clippings, charts, graphs and photographs. The result is a delight to the eye and a boon to all who prize an opportunity to get needed information without blasting for it.

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# In Quest of Stability

*By* WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

A FEW MONTHS ago some of the leaders in finance and industry were assuring us that the business cycle was a myth. They had persuaded themselves that the country had entered a new economic era wherein the friction and maladjustment which used to make the business machine sometimes creak and falter had been largely eliminated.

Today the tone is changed. The current of business has moved in true cyclical fashion. The thing that we were told could never happen again has happened. Industry has had another setback, and several million men this winter were walking the streets in search of work. The new-era theory is almost forgotten, and all over the country there is earnest discussion of ways and means of doing something effective to smooth out the business curve and stabilize employment.

The cold logic of facts has thus brought a renewed recognition of the cyclical fluctuations of business and their economic and social consequences. President Green of the American Federation of Labor, whom no intelligent person will classify as a radical, recently told a committee of Congress that unless the employers did something to check the evil of recurring unemployment or the Government adopted an adequate system of unemployment insurance, there would eventually be revolution. About the same time Senator Couzens of Michigan, a former partner of Henry Ford, told a group of employers that if they did not find a remedy the Government would certainly set up a system of state insurance. To employers as a class state insurance smacks of socialism and bureaucracy, and they have interpreted the remarks of President Green and Senator Couzens as warnings.

Within the past decade American employers have become thoroughly indoctrinated with the gospel of high wages. They have discovered the advantages inherent in a body of wage-earners with a high degree of purchasing power. They have learned that high wages do not mean high production costs, but often quite the reverse, and that they mean a better market for clothing, furniture, automobiles, radios, and houses and lots. They are now having brought home to them the fact that wages must be not only high but regular.

The amount of temporary unemployment in the years 1926-29, when business activity was in record volume, was much greater than is commonly supposed. Much of it has been technological, the result of the increasing use of labor-saving machinery, and it is one of the tragedies of present-day civilization that the improvement in industrial efficiency should force an army of willing workers to pace the streets in search of jobs. Stuart Chase estimates that 1,250,000 factory workers were laid off between April, 1923, and April, 1928. The railroads in this period also dropped 150,000 from their payrolls. Of course, all these victims of technical progress did not remain permanently idle. The country had a building boom in these years, and there was an enormous expansion of highway construction. But the new demands for labor did not take up all the slack. In the winter of 1927-28 unemployment reached serious proportions; and in the winter of 1929-30 it became still more serious. It is these new tendencies which have prompted a growing demand for measures of stabilization.

EVEN the growing sense of social responsibility among employers has added to the complications of the unemployment problem. Today the man over forty years old finds it increasingly difficult to get a job. It is not because he is less efficient or less dependable than the younger worker. Employers admit that the contrary is often true. But the big concerns which provide insurance, sick benefits and old-age pensions for their workers are naturally averse to hiring the older men. The lower the average age of their employees, the less will be the burden on their treasuries of pensions and insurance. And so a system designed to serve a notably humane purpose contributes indirectly to increase the handicaps of those outside its beneficent sphere.

Even small employers who do not provide any of these insurance or pension benefits show an aversion to hiring the man over forty. The older he grows, they say, the more obligated they feel to keep him on their payrolls, and they argue that if they assume this obligation they ought to have had the benefit of his services through his earlier and more productive years.

And so with the ebbing of each of these tides of unemployment a fringe of the older workers is left stranded on the beach through no fault of their own. Various plans have been proposed for aiding the jobless workers of middle age, but so far little has been accomplished. The most effective way to aid these unfortunates is to attack the trouble at its source; that is, to eliminate, so far as possible, the periodic fluctuations in the volume of employment.

Initial steps in this direction have been taken by some of the more progressive employers. The system employed by the Procter and Gamble Company, soap manufacturers of Cincinnati, in putting its employees practically on a salary basis by yearly guarantees of forty-eight hours of work per week has lately been receiving much attention in magazines and newspapers. The plan seems well adapted to a business of this scope and character, and has had satisfactory results. The Dennison Manufacturing Company of Framingham, Massachusetts, producers of paper articles, some years ago set aside a reserve fund from which to pay a percentage of regular wages to employees it had been found necessary to lay off temporarily. In practice this has proved an effective stabilizer. Since the payments out of the reserve fund represent a loss to the company its executives naturally exercise their wits to maintain regular work at all seasons. The National Association of Manufacturers has gone on record in favor of paying so-called "dismissal wages," and some employers have already adopted this system. Under this plan, whenever it becomes necessary to lay off a worker, he is paid a lump sum in cash to tide him over the period in which he is hunting for a job.

Absolute stability of employment is obtainable only in a Utopia. But much can be done to mitigate the evils incident to the present ebb and flow in the demand for labor. High wages have become an accepted feature of our modern economy. The next great achievement should be regular wages.

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# The Leisure Arts

## *Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies*

### The Week's Reading

"THE OBELISK" by William Rollins, Jr., (Brewer and Warren $2.50) is the story of another boy who dreamed dreams of distant places and high deeds, and who followed a well-worn road and performed the commonplaces of a common-place life. "In the center of the Forest of Fontainbleau, there stands an obelisk—in a circle; and from that circle there are seven roads—" This sentence had fired young Lewis' imagination when he heard it as a baby from his grandmother, and he planned to go there and follow each of the roads in turn. But he spent his life sitting on the pedestal of his obelisk. Every ordinary experience which he had was exaggerated beforehand and illuminated after; but in the having it was small and dim. As a story, *The Obelisk* is as slight as Lewis' claims to fame. As a study of a lad, an adolescent and a young man it is sound and touching. As an experiment in modern prose style, it is insignificant, but it is a good illustration of the importance of typography to certain writers of the current school. If you have read aloud any of the poetry of, say, E. E. Cummings, you will have discovered that what is on the printed page a startling and highly original jumble of words without capitals, punctuation or division, becomes on the tongue a perfectly clear and often quite "old-fashioned" lyric, the natural limitations of the breath and the inevitable interpretation of the imagination having torn away the pretentious veils behind which the poet concealed his meaning. The same thing is to be found, though to a lesser degree, in *The Obelisk*, and prompts one to some skeptical reflections upon the rôle which the modernistic writer expects the eye to play in literature.

In *What's Right With America*, (Lippincott $2.50) Sisley Huddleston offers an antidote to the calamity howls of America's critics, foreign and domestic. Mr. Huddleston's national origins are unknown to us. He has long been a resident of Paris, where he is correspondent, we understand, of the *Christian Science Monitor*. His observations are American and scientific, superficial and determinedly optimistic. They are not superficial in the fields which they cover. He went into prosperity and the "freer mental processes" which "distinguish the American from the European" pretty thoroughly while he was here, and his book is readable and not without a certain value. But he probably exaggerates the effect which carping criticism has on our great land. Seeing the bright side of things is one of the easiest things we do, here. And it is commendable unless it leads us, by routes which the psychiatrists know, into serious emotional tangles in our American nature, and unless, by concentrating our gaze on one side we miss the other sides and so miss the whole truth. It fosters hypocrisy and produces hidden fear. For if we will not look around dark corners we cannot know that there is no monster there which we cannot overcome if we see him face to face.

*One of Lynd Ward's illustrations in "Hot Countries" by Alec Waugh (Farrar & Rinehart)*

*Emily Dickinson, Friend and Neighbor* by Macgregor Jenkins (Little, Brown $3.) is an unpretentious book by a man who lived in Amherst and knew the great poet well when he was a little boy and she a middle-aged woman. It is a charming volume, and a valuable one which should find its way into all collections of Dickinsoniana. Mr. Jenkins has refrained from giving to his impressions those corrections and implications which men habitually give in retrospect to their youthful experiences. The child knew the woman well and loved her dearly. A child, he could know only the woman's surface. But Emily Dickinson's surface was richer than most men's total depth. And much of that richness is to be found in his quiet words. In speaking, for instance, of the little notes that Emily used constantly to send to her friends and neighbors, he says—"I have never seen written sentences that sounded, looked and felt so much like quick, impulsive spoken words." That in itself is a comment which does more than pages of literary criticism to convey the sense of life which vibrates in Emily Dickinson's poetry. Mr. Jenkins' stories of Amherst, the Dickinson "mansion" and "Miss Emily" directly contradict some of the old wives' tales that have grown up to cloud the humanity of the poet. There is, for instance, the strip of red carpet which, the story goes, was always spread before the recluse lady's feet when she stepped over her father's threshold, lest they touch the bare soil. Mr. Jenkins reduces this to its original size and shape as the old red army blanket upon which Miss Emily sensibly chose to kneel when she had weeding to do in the garden.

Emily Dickinson's poetry is the subject of one of the papers in *Poetry and Poets* (Houghton, Mifflin $2.25) a posthumously published volume from Amy Lowell's pen. These stimulating essays are rich in sensitivity and poetic feeling. They are also, and perhaps more conspicuously, marked by intelligence and common sense. These qualities, and the forceful, clear style in which the essays are written make them especially adapted to interest the general reader who is apt to shy off from poetry criticism. The first three papers, "Why We Should Read Poetry," "Poetry as a Spoken Art," (where we found some references to the subject touched on in the above review of *The Obelisk*), and "Poetry, Imagination and Education" are not striking and have a faintly dated air, especially the last with references happily no longer timely to the inferior quality of "so-called children's books." The remaining eleven essays divided into "On Elder Poets" and "Contemporaries" could serve a useful

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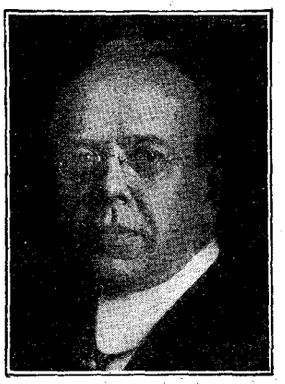

**Wm. H. Stemmerman, M. D.**
*—New York University and Bellevue Hospital Medical College*

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purpose and one very pleasing to their writer if they were read by the large group of sincere poetry lovers which has never been able to accustom itself to *vers libre*. Beginning with a brilliant essay on Walt Whitman and continuing through a less original one on Emily Dickinson these papers include a short and lucid description of "new" schools of poetry and reviews of volumes by Sandburg, Robinson, Lawrence and Masefield, in each of which can be found constructive criticism of the sort which enlarges the reader's understanding of the subject and deepens his appreciation of contemporary poetry.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

## Question for the Poetry Class

Who, a professor of American literature might ask his class, was Thomas Holley Chivers? One of the class might remember that Chivers' poem with the refrain "My beautiful Rosalie Lee" is quoted in Bartlett; another might say that Poe took suggestions (to put it mildly,) from Chivers' *Isadore* for his *The Raven* and that the two poets accused one another of plagiarism; possibly another might know that Chivers has been called the Lost Poet of Georgia and the Wild Mazeppa of letters.

We do not find him in our cyclopædias; probably he is in the new American Biography. Yet Mr. S. Foster Damon in his *Thomas Holley Chivers, Friend of Poe* (Harpers, $5.) records that when Mr. Vachel Lindsay in a lecture deplored the lack of interest in American poetry and Mr. Damon tried to stump him by asking if he knew Chivers' work, Lindsay promptly retorted by reciting the whole of one of Chivers' poems.

It is a little late to revive interest in Chivers as a poet or even to hang the interest on his friendship and quarrels with Poe. Yet this biography is well worth while if it were only for the first chapter, which is a lively and entertaining account of transcendentalism and the new Zeitgeist as seen in such writers as Blake, Jonathan Edwards, Herman Melville, Channing, Charles Brockden Browne, Andrew Jackson Davis (!) Emerson, Swedenborg, Henry James, —and, if you please, Edith Wharton and Thornton Wilder. Chivers, too, "had his eyes turned inward;" "much of the fruit he gathered was green, and some of it was rotten, but that was the fault of his intelligence, not of his genius."

We may thank Mr. Damon for furnishing from what seems an arid text a readable book (it is permitted to skip some of the poems), and we rejoice to learn that Swinburne exclaimed to Bayard Taylor "Oh; Chivers! Chivers! —If you know Chivers, give me your hand!" As a critic Chivers was in fact more a modern than a Victorian, for when Poe praised Tennyson as the greatest poet that England or any other country ever produced, Chivers retorted, "My God! Poe! How can you say that. Why his poems are as effeminate as a phlegmatic fat baby!"

Chivers was in his hey-day in 1830. In 2030, will they be asking "Who was he?" when some one writes about Robinson or Frost or Jeffers or Edna St. Vincent Millay?

R. D. TOWNSEND.

"Hayes made one of the best presidents the United States ever had." So says H. J. Eckenrode, who is a Virginian, the author of a life of Jefferson Davis, and an admirer of the institution

*From "Hot Countries"*

of slavery in his *Rutherford B. Hayes* (Dodd, Mead $6.). The sub-title "Statesman of Re-Union," gives the reason. "Tilden could not have saved the South; Hayes did save it." Admitting that the seating of Hayes by the Electoral Commission was the result of a political bargain, Mr. Eckenrode points out that it was not a venal bargain. He bluntly declares that "Tilden was sold by the southerners; the Negro by Hayes' representatives." But that matters little now, he argues, for thereby possible civil war was averted and re-union began. The South under Hayes saw Federal troops withdrawn; the horrors of Reconstruction died out. From the legal or constitutional viewpoint the Electoral Commission was an absurd anomaly, for on the decisive question of going behind the returns the South argued against States Rights and the North for them. Hayes had a fine record as president, in support of civil service reform and sound money. He vetoed the Bland silver bill; and if Congress had not passed it over his head, we might have been spared Bryan! As a biography of Hayes, Eckenrode's book is not notably important. But as a vivid narrative of events preceding and following the presidential election of 1876 it is not merely readable but stimulating, even when one does not agree with the author in all his views.—R. D. T.

Among recent books received too late for detailed review:

A striking biography is *August Strindberg, The Bedeviled Viking* by V. J. McGill (Brentano $4.) which is not only a narrative of the man's life, written with a fine sweep, but also a brilliant analysis of his work. In his plays, Strindberg wrote his own story, the story of a nature at cross purposes with itself, of a mystic fighting a sensualist, a seer fighting a cynic, clarity fighting murky insanity. As a study of the psychic conflicts from which art so often springs, the book is notable. Other recent books are *Glimpses of the Great* by George S. Viereck (Macaulay $5.) a series of interviews with great and conspicuous figures of our world reported by a clever journalist with an ironic turn of mind and phrase; *The Empress Elizabeth of Austria* by Karl Tschuppik (translated by Eric Sutton: Brentano $4.), an excellent psychographical biography of the tragic lady, clever, temperate, sympathetic and well-written; *Indecency and the Seven Arts* by Horace M. Kallen (Liveright $2.50), a group of wise and delightfully witty essays on such subjects as artists, critics, censors and anti-censors; *Brawny Wycherley* by Willard Connely (Scribners $3.), a readable biography of the first master of modern English comedy; *Among the Franciscan Tertiaries* by Nesta de Robeck (Dutton $3.75), an account of the Third (the secular) Order of St. Francis, with sympathetic biographical sketches of some of its members such as St. Louis of France and Raymond Lull with quotations from mystical writings; *A Treasury of Middle English Verse,* selected by Margot Adamson (Dutton $2.), a collection of religious and secular lyrics collected from sources dating from the twelfth to the early sixteenth centuries, rendered into a modern English which is gracefully fitted to the temper and style of the originals; *A Subaltern's War* by Charles Edmonds (Holt $2.50), a romantic young man's first hand story of the Somme and Ypres. Recent Fiction received too late for detailed review includes *The Winds of Gobi* by Robert Hyde (Brewer and Warren $1.75), short stories of China, fantastic, philosophical, gruesome, written in an original and engaging idiom; *Clash of*

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*Angels* by Jonathan Daniel (Brewer and Warren $2.50) an ironic story of Lucifer and the angels who fell from heaven, by a young author who has just been awarded a Guggenheim fellowship; *The Car of Croesus* by Ernest Poole (Macmillan $2.), a trivial, mildly satiric tale of adventure in New York unworthy of the author of *The Harbor; Song Bird* by Sophie Cleugh (Houghton, Mifflin $2.50), which deals with the misadventures of a prima donna and is equipped with all the conventional props; *The Golden Dawn* by Peter B. Kyne (Cosmopolitan $2.50), a briskly moving conglomeration of absurdities; and *The Saints, the Devil and the King* by M. L. Mabie (Bobbs, Merrill $2.50), an ably written novel, almost a fictionalized biography of Louis XI of France.

### *The Outlook's Five Inch Shelf*

*For Week-End Reading*

**Mystery: The Mysterious Mr. Quin,** by Agatha Christie: Dodd Mead.
**Novel: The Weatherhouse,** by Nan Shepherd: Dutton.
**Biography: Emily Dickinson, Friend and Neighbor,** by Macgregor Jenkins: Little, Brown.
**Miscellaneous: The Dangers of Obedience,** by Harold Laski: Harper.

## Behind the Blurbs

PERHAPS WE'RE GETTING bloody minded through reading too many thrillers, but we can't agree with Elizabeth Jordan—whose thrillers by the way we always enjoy—when she makes a plea for less blood and more mystery. More mystery, certainly; we can't have too much of that; but we must have our bloodshed, too. Here, for instance, is *The Hawk*[1], which in our opinion would have been a much better yarn with a little more blood and violence and ruthlessness in it. Doug Harris, airman, has to fly for a gang of drug smugglers or go back to jail,—or rather gaol, since it was Princetown Prison on Dartmoor. Oh no, he hadn't really killed the guy; that was all a mistake. But he was in a pretty bad jam, and then they captured his girl friend, who was to be held as hostage to prevent her father from tracking the gang down. They might better have let the girl alone, for the father was pretty dumb and would never have found out anything anyway. But a good deal of excitement ensues, with orange blossoms and Mendelssohn at the end. ☙ ☙ ☙ A mysterious diplomatic death stirs Washington to its red-tape-enwrapped depths in *Murder in the State Department*[2]. Undersecretary Howard is slain, appropriately, with a letter file, and Undersecretary Pelton is seen flying by night through the State Dept. corridors. Tyler, Chief of the Bureau of Current Political Intelligence, and probably a relative of Philo Vance, is called in and cerebrates his well-dressed way through secret treaties, communications from the American Anti-Imperialism League, sunken roller skates and blue fingerprints, to the frustration of a huge revolutionary plot. Amusing, highly improbable, and guaranteed to hold your interest firmly to the last chapter. ☙ ☙ ☙ There's Col. Granby and Col. Gore, and now—in *The Noose*[3] —we have just met Col. Gethryn, and he's fully as resourceful and intrepid and humorous and imperturbable as the first two. For just listen to what he did. Comes to him a lady who says: "My husband is to hang in five days for a murder he didn't commit. Will you please prove him innocent?" "Sure!" says the gallant Col., and although the man has been convicted on clear evidence and every one but his wife believes him guilty, Col. G., aided only by his three assistants, his five wits, and his client's unsupported assertion of innocence, uncovers the plot, captures the murderer, and frees the prisoner. We're willing to give odds of three to one that Guate-

1. By Roy Vickers: MacVeagh, $2.00.
2. By Diplomat: Cape & Smith, $2.00.
3. By Philip Macdonald: MacVeagh, $2.00.

## *The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books*

This list of the ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia.*

**Fiction**

**Cimarron,** by Edna Ferber: Doubleday, Doran—Picturesque tale of Oklahoma. Reviewed April 9.

**Rogue Herries,** by Hugh Walpole: Doubleday, Doran. A delightful romantic novel, enriched by good characterizations and an ample, vivid eighteenth century setting. Reviewed April 23.

**The Party Dress,** by Joseph Hergesheimer: Knopf. A tawdry story of the amours of middle-age by an author from whom we have the right to ask better things. Reviewed April 16.

**The Door,** by Mary Roberts Rinehart: Farrar and Rinehart. An ingenious mystery story with a startling denouement. Reviewed April 2nd.

**The Woman of Andros,** by Thornton Wilder: A. & C. Boni. A lovely prose poem on the beauty of frustration. Reviewed February 26.

**Non-Fiction**

**Byron,** by Andre Maurois: Appleton. A brilliant biography of the self-made tragic hero. Reviewed March 26.

**Grandeur and Misery of Victory,** by Georges Clemenceau: Harcourt, Brace. The last broadside of a great journalist-statesman. Reviewed April 23.

**Mata Hari,** by Thomas Coulson: Harper. Detailed account of the career of the notorious dancing spy.

**The Story of San Michele,** by Dr. Axel Munthe: Dutton. The absorbing and romantic autobiography of a famous doctor, an eccentric character and a great soul.

**Is Sex Necessary?** by James Thurber and E. B. White: Harper. Providing a catharsis of laughter.

## *Magazine Articles Recommended*

**Watch New England Come Back,** by Jesse H. Metcalf. Nation's Business, May.

Himself trained, as a boy, in his father's textile mill, U. S. Senator Metcalf from Rhode Island gives three advantages New England has in the textile trades: (1) technical educational facilities for the ambitious textile worker; (2) long experience in manufacturing and distribution of textiles; (3) specialization in high grade woolens, cottons, and worsteds which must always find a market in the United States.

**Science and the Money-Minded,** by T. Swann Harding. Atlantic Monthly, May.

Out of every $10,000 of our national income, the author asserts, $25 is spent for scientific research. Only $2.50 of this sum goes for fundamental research, the remainder being spent on commercial application. Scientists, apparently, do not resent this disparity, remaining content in the pursuit of knowledge and the enjoyment of comfortable, if modest, incomes, while money-minded men make millions from the by-products of their discoveries. Unfortunately the public loses. "It loses," concludes Mr. Harding, "knowledge, power and wealth which rightfully belong to it."

**Retreat from Suburbia,** by Margaret L. Woodbury. North American Review, May.

The writer and her family have tried both suburban life and small town life. In her opinion, Suburbia, made up of commuters, realtors, and conventional snobs, who take no interest in town affairs is not to be compared with the Small Town which takes pride in regular town life and develops cultural and communal interests of its own. Mrs. Woodbury's experiences at the hands of suburbanite conformists form the basis for her article.

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mala could lick the U. S. in a war if she put her espionage and the conduct of her military operations in the hands of the three Col. G's. ♣ ♣ ♣ One of Judge Stilwell's eight guests slipped a little poison in the old gentleman's after dinner port, thus giving that super-criminologist, Probus Thorne, an opportunity to do his stuff. The police department helped Probus, too, by overlooking quite obvious clues. All this occurs in *Why Murder the Judge*[4], which, though readable and exciting, doesn't quite meet our credibility test. ♣ ♣ ♣ Valentine Williams has always been a competent thriller manufacturer, and we are glad to recommend his new book, *The Knife Behind the Curtain*[5], which contains a number of short stories of crime and secret service, in war and peace. Excellent stories, all of them. ♣ ♣ ♣ Agatha Christie has also turned out a new book of short thrillers, *The Mysterious Mr. Quin*[6], in which Mr. Satterthwaite, elderly dilettante, solves some twelve mysteries with the assistance of the very queer Mr. Harley Quin, who appears out of nowhere when something is about to happen, and acts as a catalytic agent to precipitate out the solution (if we may use that expression) from the facts in the brain of Mr. S. Mr. Quin adds a fantastic touch to these ingenious stories, which are, however, complete without him. ♣ ♣ ♣ A number of true stories of cases handled by the Paris Sureté are sprinkled through H. Ashton-Wolfe's *The Forgotten Clue*[7], which is an account of the methods employed both by criminals and by detectives. Modern scientific methods of crime detection have been amazingly developed in France, and their working is carefully and interestingly explained. If you're planning a forgery, murder, or any major crime for this summer, better glance through these pages. They will tell you some things to be avoided. ♣ ♣ ♣ This is short story week in the crime field. Another collection is *What Happened to Forester*[8], Oppenheim's latest, which chronicles certain adventures of one Major Forester in various parts of the world. ♣ ♣ ♣ In *High Occasions*[9] Abbie Graham has recreated her childhood with humor and imagination. Memory is not always a reliable guide among either facts or fancies of our remoter personal past, but even a masculine reviewer finds these sketches delightful and convincing.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

4. By Claude Stuart Hammock: Macmillan, $2.00.
5. Houghton Mifflin, $2.00.
6. Dodd Mead, $2.00.
7. Houghton Mifflin, $3.00.
8. Little, Brown, $2.00.
9. Woman's Press, $1.50.


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*—as a business man or wage earner?*

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# ▶▶ Religion's Voice ◀◀

## *As Heard in Recent Books*

ANY ONE desirous of finding out what religion really is will not get far by reading definitions of it. They are confusing and multitudinous. Leuba, to mention only one writer, lists some forty-eight. Rather, to understand religion, one must find out what religion has meant in the lives of men and women. *We Believe in Prayer* by Sydney Strong (Coward McCann) contains brief statements of some hundred leaders in this country and others as to their own personal experience in communing with that power which is the source of all things. It is significant in showing that such men practice the presence of God and it is helpful in showing their reasons for doing so. But such statements are all too brief. To find out what the religious life really means we must study the lives of those who have been great religious leaders.

*The Mind of St. Paul* (Macmillan) by A. Holmes is a fresh study of one of the greatest minds of all times. The author, who is thoroughly familiar with the viewpoints of our various schools of modern psychology, considers the apostle to the gentiles in the light of our modern knowledge. He makes a vigorous and on the whole satisfactory defense of the reality and value of Paul's religious experience. It deserves an honorable place in the ever growing literature about this amazing and fascinating figure. *Jeremiah, the Prophet,* by Raymond Calkins (Macmillan), is an illuminating and inspiring study of this mighty Hebrew prophet. Dr. Calkins makes Jeremiah live before us because he shows the historical situation in which his prophecies were uttered. This book shows sound scholarship without being pedantic. It is a very helpful guide to the life of this much misunderstood prophet, a prophet who said much that is applicable to our day as well as his.

In turning to another biography we find a brief and readable life of George Fox, the founder of the Quakers. It is written by the well known Friend, Rufus M. Jones, and is called *George Fox, Seeker and Friend* (Harper). Dr. Jones vividly portrays the power of this man to whom God was so real that nothing human could daunt him. Attacked alike by rulers and populace he emerged from all these tests a bigger and nobler soul. The author has caught the spirit of that remarkable life with all its marvelous, almost miraculous, power but he is not oblivious to his faults. It is a sympathetic but not biased description of one of the world's great. Of Fox the author truly says, "He has made it easier for us to believe in the triumph of ideals and he has verified the fact that the way of faith and love is a real way to the achievement of good ends." We recommend it highly. Another of those great ones was Martin Luther, and Lucien Febvre deals with him in a book which has been translated from the French by Roberts Tapley under the title *Martin Luther: A Destiny* (Dutton). This is a well balanced story of the life of this leader who was and is so violently loved and hated. He vividly pictures both his virtues and his weaknesses but above all the importance of this account lies in the fact that it shows clearly the effect of the political and social conditions in shaping and making effective the protest of Luther. The issue was bigger and older than he; it was the basic question of the relationship between the individual and society. This story shows both the power and the peril inherent in the religious life. As Luther was the most effective revolter from the Catholic Church, so Newman was one of the most notable of those who returned to it. In *Cardinal Newman* by J. Lewis May (Dial Press) we have the fascinating story of that remarkable spiritual pilgrimage. The author has done careful work in searching the sources and he has presented what he has found in a most entertaining manner. He reveals to us the charm and the power of the man, and he pictures the poignant sorrow which came to him when his fidelity to truth drove him out of the Established Church and into the fold of Rome. He was an offense to the brethren he had left and it took him years to gain the complete confidence of the Church to which he had come. This book is a genuine appreciation of the life of Newman by a writer who through his original research and his appreciation of his subject's great artistic gifts is capable of making it. Here, too, there are many lessons for the religious man and the student of religion. In all of these biographical sketches we see striking evidence of the tremendous power of religious belief. They are more inspiring and in many respects more illuminating than philosophical discussions of the religious issues which face us.

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE.

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# The Theatre

*By* O. D. C.

FEW AND FAR between are the shows which are unashamedly precisely what they are—with no pretenses: and therefore genuine excellent entertainment. In the field of the drama *The Green Pastures* is such a show, relying not at all on adventitious intellectual snobbery of any kind but making its appeal so simply, honestly and magnificently that the artistic method of its presentation is the last thing to be borne in upon the spectator.

In a different field and in quite a different way George White's musical comedy production *Flying High* rings the same bell. With the emphasis more on the comedy than on the music, and the beauty of the piece more evident in the attractiveness of the chorus than in the color and design of the scenery, or the originality of the costuming, it nevertheless comes through as one of those perfectly effortless entertainments which charm the beholder from the beginning and make him forget his surroundings and himself.

To be more exact, perhaps we should say that it becomes all these things from the moment when our old friend Bert Lahr appears on the stage as one of the most terrible of all airmen: Rusty Krause, mechanic at the Newark airport.

What matter that he is the victim of such an ancient gag as the tin-type-by-mail engagement? What matter if he wins the solo endurance flight merely because he does not know how to make his airplane come to earth again? What matter if the girl he has been corresponding with turns out to weigh two hundred pounds and resembles Clara Bow as little as he resembles John Gilbert?

Such things are understood in a musical show like *Flying High* which is frankly a vehicle for a comedian and pretends to be little more. And from the moment that the horrible grimaces and uncertain cheerfulness of Rusty make their appearance, it is clear who the comedian is.

Make no mistake. Here is frankly one of the genuine clowns of the American stage—and with his full quota of vulgarities; and given in at least one scene an opportunity to make full use of his talents; which he does in a doctor's office in one of the most childishly vulgar and tremendously funny acts we have ever witnessed. Not to our best recollection have we ever heard any audience laugh so unrestrainedly, so unanimously or for such a long time as in the fourth scene of the show. Your maiden aunt from Peoria may wish to leave the theatre in order to be spared further shame. But your uncle from Keokuk will still be laughing when he tells the local ad club all about it. Unless we are mistaken the night telegraph operators and the stock exchange ticker clerks have already relayed the jest over most of the country. Bar none, *Flying High* should be the rendezvous for all who are looking for the one summer musical show they can see while in town. Provided, of course, they understand in advance what it is and are not already weary of radio renditions of *Wasn't It Beautiful While It Lasted* and *Thank Your Father*.

Much more genteel is Sir Harry Lauder's offering, in his latest but not last "annual fare-well tour"—as he himself genially terms it. But Harry's is a docile audience, eager to accord the veteran his yearly quota of laughter and applause. Once reassured that their old friend looks as young as ever, his followers relax to smile and sing through a pleasant old-fashioned hour.

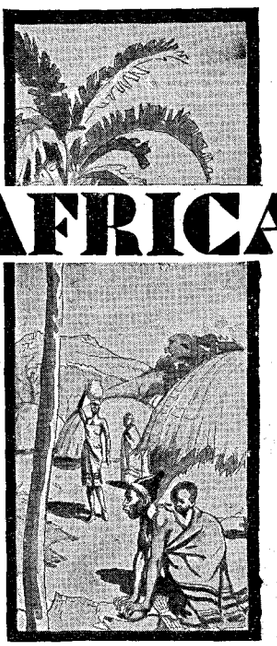
Sir Harry has forty-eight years of trouping behind him, but he clicks his heels, waggles his head and prances with undiminished enthusiasm. Before the War, possibly he would not have concluded his performance with anything so serious as *The End of the Road*. But time has left unaltered the appeal of *Roamin' in the Gloamin'* and *Flower of the Heather*. Like the echo of well remembered hours spent by a Victorian piano, the Scotchman seems, these days. In fact, he might be called a tradition in the life.

## Guide to Current Shows

**Strictly Dishonorable:** Love and adventure in a speak-easy—delightful light comedy.
**Journey's End:** The great war play, perfectly acted.
**Berkeley Square:** Some metaphysics, a little magic, and much beauty—with Leslie Howard.
***Fifty Million Frenchmen:** Expertly produced musical comedy.
***Sons o' Guns:** A gay musical show with the irrepressible Jack Donahue and alluring Lily Damita.
**Rebound:** Excellent cake, but not enough bread and butter.
***Topaze:** Hats off to Lee Shubert for bringing this comedy from Paris.
***The Green Pastures:** The humble negro's story of the Lord God. The event of the season.
***Simple Simon:** Thank Heaven for Ed. Wynn. Music, ballet and pleasing nonsense.
***Michael and Mary:** A tender and witty comedy of real human beings.
**Hotel Universe:** Fourth dimensional psychology—a bit heavy but extremely interesting.
**Uncle Vanya:** Moving Russian tragedy, splendidly produced—with Lillian Gish.

*Indicates the leading attractions as reported by the McBride and Tyson agencies.


SOUTH



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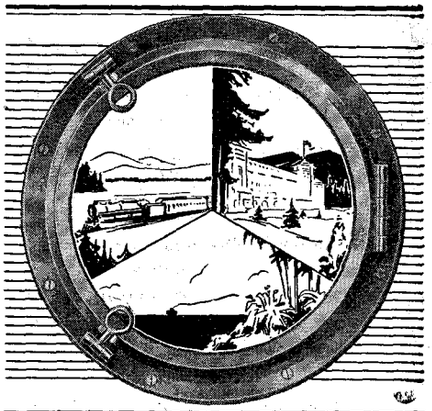

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# Sky-Rocket

*By* ARTHUR STRAWN

IN 1914, at the age of thirty-three, Raymond M. Hood decided to set up for himself as an architect in New York. He had degrees from Massachusetts Tech and the Ecole des Beaux Arts, and three years' experience in an architect's office. His equipment consisted almost entirely of a number of interesting though untried ideas, an office boy and a cat. His time, so to speak, was all his own.

Then one day a young man came into the office. Before he could say anything the office boy glanced at him and promptly announced that no draughtsmen were needed. The visitor retreated and returned a minute later.

"Look here," he said, "I'm not a draughtsman. I'm looking for an architect and I want to see Mr. Hood."

He was ushered into the office shared by the cat and Mr. Hood, the latter beginning shuffling papers to appear busy. The young man introduced himself. He was the wealthy son of a millionaire manufacturer.

"I never did a lick of work in my life, I've got a lot of money, I just got married and I want you to build me a house," he declared.

Mr. Hood thought it best to give the impression of being overburdened with business.

"I'm pretty well loaded down," he declared. "What kind of house did you want?"

"Go on," said the visitor. "You haven't got a thing to do and you know it. Your friend, So-and-so, said you needed business and that's why I'm here. Let's get to work on the plans and get through with it."

In this manner Raymond Hood got his first commission. He designed the house, made a few thousand dollars out of it, paid some debts and got married. He lived in a tiny apartment in Greenwich Village. His income was only two or three thousand a year and that was derived from various trifling jobs such as rearranging radiators for a dress shop or remodeling a bath room for a swanky Park Avenue matron who was expecting a visit from the Prince of Wales.

Then in 1922 the international competition for designs for the $7,000,000 Chicago Tribune Building was announced. Ten important architects were invited to participate, each receiving a fee of $2,000. Other architects might submit designs without the fee. J. M. Howells was one of the ten architects, but he had no intention of submitting a design and so informed Hood.

"You're planning on sending one anyway," he said. "Associate with me, send in your design and you can have the two thousand."

This was done. Hood's design won the competition and with it first prize of $50,000.

*AMERICAN RADIATOR BUILDING*
*Illustration by Hugh Ferriss in "The Metropolis of Tomorrow" (Ives Washburn)*

This triumph Hood soon followed with his design for the now-famous American Radiator Company Building, an all-black skyscraper with a brilliantly gilded tower, the first all-colored office building in New York and the pioneer of a new era. Since then his rise to a position of world recognition as an architect with modern, original and practical ideas has been rapid. He is now President of the Architectural League of New York, member of the archi-

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tectural commission for the Chicago World's Fair of 1933 and American Juror for the Columbus Memorial in San Domingo,—not to mention designs he is now working on for structures in Delaware, Chicago, and New York.

Hood is a short, stocky man with grey eyes and stubby close-cropped black hair, streaked with grey. He frankly admits that two of his chief pleasures in life are light drinking and conversation, and he believes neither one is complete without the other. He regards prohibition as a mistake.

He thinks architecture along with many other modern professions requires a longer course of technical training than is actually necessary. He thinks most professions are surrounded with a lot of unnecessary hokus-pocus and technical jargon to appear learned. He thinks modernism in architecture is simply the desire to give primary attention to the purpose of a building, rather than to make it conform to a traditional model so that it may look like an Italian palace or a Greek temple.

"If an architect will put up a building with his mind on what it is to be used for, the appearance," he says, "will usually take care of itself."

Mere freakishness in architecture he regards as bad taste and will have nothing to do with modernism.

He manages to go to Europe at least once a year. One of the most distinctive buildings in London, that of the National Radiator Company, is his work. He commutes daily from his home in Stamford, Connecticut, to his office on the fourteenth floor of the Radiator Building he designed. His room is decorated with great simplicity, with only a few etchings on the walls. And if you come upon him there you will probably find him behind his large maple desk, wearing a sports jacket and smoking a cigar.

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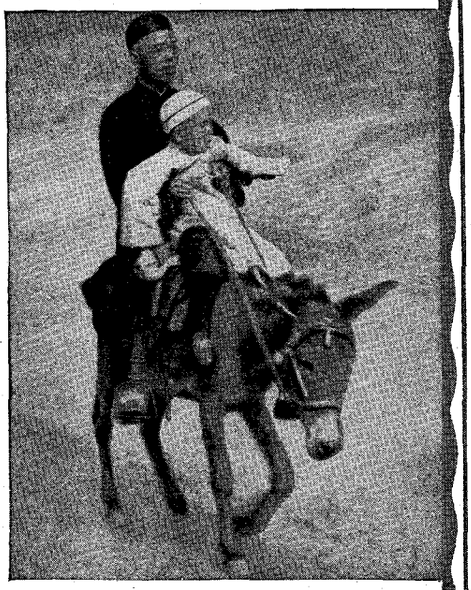
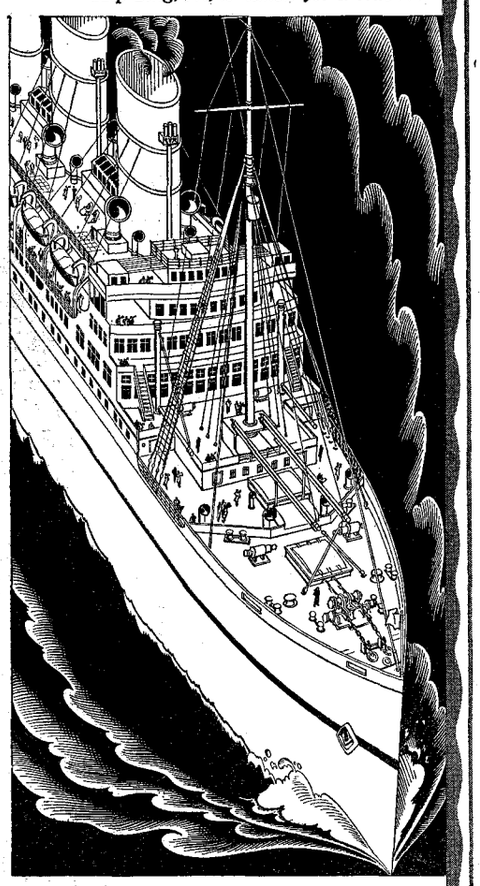


*Hip Sing, Jr., is taken for a ride...*



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## In This Issue

WICKHAM STEED is the editor of the English *Review of Reviews* and was formerly editor of the London *Times*. Among his previous contributions to the Outlook and Independent are "After the First Decade" and "Does Our Tariff Menace Peace?"

A. G. KELLER is professor of the science of society at Yale University, and author of many books on sociology, including "Through War to Peace" and "Evolution of Man."

VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS is a resident of New York and author of a forthcoming novel. Miss Ross recently contributed a portrait of Heywood Broun.

CHARLES J. V. MURPHY was formerly a member of the staff of the New York *World*. He has also been a newspaperman in Boston. Mr. Murphy contributes frequently to the Outlook and Independent.

## Next Week

**Actualities at London,** by Jonathan Mitchell.

Although a three-power treaty between the United States, England and Japan has been signed at London, the Naval Disarmament Conference really failed. Much of the blame for this failure has been placed at the door of Secretary Stimson. Some of it, according to the author, rightly so. Mr. Mitchell, who went to London to report the Conference for the Outlook and Independent, thinks that it should not have failed. "There were no really insoluble problems," he writes, "the Conference failed because elderly and middle-aged men grow tired after three months of strenuous labor."

**Your Right to Cross the Street,** by Myron M. Stearns.

In Los Angeles you cannot cross certain street intersections until the bell rings. In New York a new "four-way red" traffic light is being installed. In spite of these and numerous other attempts to regulate pedestrian traffic the annual number of deaths resulting from collisions between automobiles and pedestrians is mounting steadily. After investigating traffic conditions in cities in the West, Middle-West and East, the author reports, not incredibly, that both accidents and traffic-law violations are less in cities which have the fewest regulations. As with prohibition, Mr. Stearns declares, it seems impossible to make a man safe, let alone virtuous, by legislation.

**Contemporary Da Vincis,** by Gladys Oaks.

Art has become largely commercialized in our pecuniary civilization and the artist can make an excellent living out of illustrations, short stories, theme songs or jazz. Economically speaking, the individual today equivalent to the artist of the Renaissance is the research worker. Depending upon a patronage which exploits his efforts, the research worker in a modern industrial laboratory is no better off than Leonardo. Big business the author declares, has taken over research.

**Kyotchek,** by Stoyan Christowe.

Many outlandish customs which have died out in the countries of their origin survive when transplanted to America. Among these, the author has discovered the "Kyotchek"—a terpsichorean revel brought here from Greece and confined to the coffee-houses patronized and maintained by Balkans of various nationalities. Mr. Christowe describes this amazing dance as performed by its best known exponent and comments on its extraordinary appeal to Balkans.

**Dollars and Coppers,** by William O. Scroggs.

The recent drop from 18 to 14 cents in the price of copper marks the failure of another experiment in price-fixing. The drop, while inevitable, the author thinks, was accompanied by unexpected and costly results, the low-cost producers, strangely enough, suffering most. Although this failure of the attempt to peg the price of copper will prove salutary in the long run, Mr. Scroggs recommends it to the attention of the Federal Farm Board which is also engaged in some dubious experiments in price-fixing.

# The Movies

*By* CREIGHTON PEET

## "The Ship from Shanghai"

WITH SOME SHAME I must confess that I got quite excited watching this film—with some shame because it is really pretty preposterous melodrama, and at its highly dramatic climax the entire audience, including myself, broke into howls of excited laughter. The solution of the difficulties is simply more than you can believe—but in the meanwhile it has been swell hokum.

Louis Wolheim is back, this time as a bitter and slightly insane steward on a private sailing yacht going from Shanghai to San Francisco. Aboard are six society people out for the fun. When a storm disables the ship, Wolheim, who resents their high-toned airs and condescension, seizes control of the ship, puts on the captain's uniform, and tries to make himself attractive to the young girl of the party (Kay Johnson). Things get worse and worse until an elderly woman talks him into believing himself insane, whereupon he jumps overboard to the sharks.

## "Hold Everything"

Joe E. Brown, the boy with the elastic mouth, and Winnie Lightner, the girl with the ocean liner voice, are occasionally amusing in this film transcript of the two-year old De Sylva-Brown-Henderson musical comedy—but as an evening *Hold Everything* is rather weak entertainment. The talking films have now so over-worked the musical comedy's formulas that they seem pretty poisonous, even on the stage. I, for one, am so weary of seeing chorus girls in squads and regiments marching back and forth waving ostrich plumes that even the sight of policemen or boy scouts drilling is sufficient to bring on the jitters, along with that dizzy sensation and those spots before the eyes. Other celebrities in *Hold Everything* are Georges Carpentier, Bert Roach and Sally O'Neil. The big moment is when Joe E. Brown gets in the ring opposite a heavy bruiser and gets knocked down a dozen or more times.

## "Free and Easy"

Buster Keaton's first talkie is somehow disappointing. For one thing the solemn-faced little man has been snowed under by scores of song and dance numbers, and for another he is beginning to fancy himself as a great tragic figure. Most of the humor—and near-humor—occur when Keaton, who is the manager of a prize-winning Kansas beauty with movie ambitions, goes hay-wire in the Metro-Goldwyn studios. Somehow or other he manages to walk into nearly every set on the lot. For the most part the humor is very, very mild. A flop at everything else, Keaton finally succeeds as a comic—after the manner of *Merton of the Movies*. The ending of *Free and Easy* is too similar to that of Chaplin's *The Circus* to pass without comment. Keaton, the knockabout clown in a Hollywood studio set, loves the lovely, luscious Anita Page—but this lady ignores little Keaton for a handsome tenor.

## "The Light of Western Stars"

After all the months and months we have been cooped up back stage and in night clubs, it is quite a relief to get out in the clean, pure air of God's great out-of-doors, even if Mr. Zane Gray is the presiding spirit. *The Light of Western Stars* includes all the usual characters, from the sweet little gal from the East to the crooked sheriff who tries to take away the ranch she has inherited. Richard Arlen is the upright young man with the proper respect for Womanhood. Fred Kohler is the tricky villain, and Mary Brian the sweetest little girl in the world. For some reason which escapes me the cast also includes Harry Green as a New York Jewish comic, done into the garb of cowboy duds.

### Worth Seeing

**Anna Christie:** Your Greta Garbo and mine speaks for the first time—but Mr. O'Neill's play is not as strong as it was on the stage.
**High Treason:** Highly imaginative vision of preparations for the next world war. Intelligently done and decidedly interesting. New York and Pennsylvania state censors forbid it, although it is playing elsewhere.
**He Knew Women:** The Theatre Guild's play **The Second Man,** smoothly acted by Lowell Sherman and Alice Joyce.
**Journey's End:** The British war play honestly and movingly done onto film. All-British cast and direction.
**The Man From Blankley's:** John Barrymore is quite entertaining in a slightly insane comedy.
**The Rogue Song:** Semi-grand opera with Lawrence Tibbett fairly singing his head off.
**Song o' My Heart:** John McCormack as a small-town singer who gets into the big time. He sings about a dozen ballads.
**The Vagabond King:** Operetta with lots of singing and pageants.
**Young Man of Manhattan:** Unimportant but lively story about newspaper people.

### Not So Good

**Paramount on Parade:** Everybody on the Paramount lot was dragged in to go through un-funny skits.

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# ▶▶ From the Life ◀◀

By IBBY HALL

## ▶▶Three Brothers

THE THREE BROTHERS had done little work now for many weeks. The farm was not as it should be—their faces wore unhappy looks—their words, when they spoke, were short and surly. All this was because of the grandmother. That old woman! That peasant— With no money and no position, with only a small house and just enough to eat, she had refused them—the three brothers.

They had gone to her politely. They had said to her: "Grandmother"—for so they would soon be calling her—"you have a jewel in your possession. It is true she has no money, but she is beautiful. Every one knows that. And we have come to ask for her in marriage. For the youngest here. Grandmother, you know us very well. The match is a good one." Here, they had bowed. "We ask your consent."

It was at that moment that the grandmother had closed the door in their faces. Unbelievable! There they had stood, three fine young men—the oldest, known everywhere for the head on his shoulders; the second, a giant to frighten any one; and the third, the youngest, a fine-looking honest fellow, head over heels in love.

The more they thought about it the more clearly it appeared that this grandmother was a devil. Who else but a monster would keep the young and beautiful creature a prisoner? Causing three young fellows to become ill of unhappiness, and unable to work. For it was true that whatever affected one of the three brothers affected all. They were together three times as unhappy as the ordinary man. The girl became three times as desirable. And the grandmother was three times as baleful as the usual witch.

It was the oldest brother who had advised that fatal visit to the grandmother. In the fields, away from eavesdroppers, the brothers talked it over. Magnificent! At night they did not go to bed as usual, instead they made strange preparations. The best room of the house was aired and swept. The best linen was spread upon the bed and over it the finest feather-quilt from out the chest. All the ornaments of the house were filled with flowers, bunched close or standing stiffly, ranged carefully on shelf and chest and table around the waiting room. At midnight they closed the door and set off towards the road.

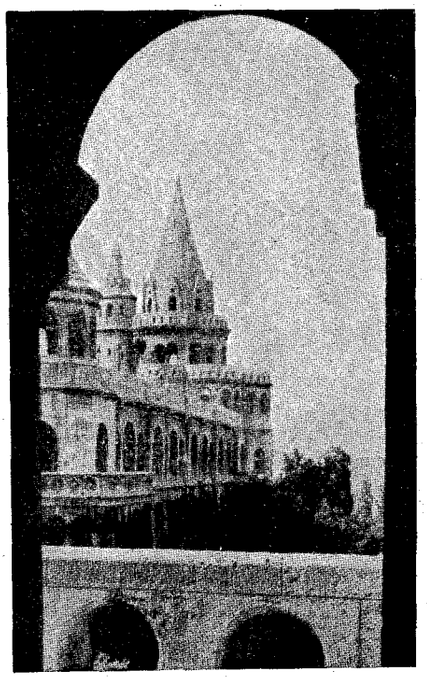
When they reached it, the grandmother's house was black and still. "The old one sleeps in front," whispered the youngest brother. "*She* sleeps in back—she told me so—the window near the roses." Like three great cats they prowled up to that window by the rose tree. Softly the oldest brother pushed it open. Softly the second brother stepped inside. The youngest followed. All three were standing in that quiet room. From the low bed the soft faint breathing of the sleeper could just be heard.

With a quick turn of his hand the oldest brother twisted the pillow over the sleeper's face. Quickly the second brother wrapped bed-clothes and mattress around the suddenly struggling figure on the bed. The youngest stepped out hurriedly from the open window and received the mountainous burden in his arms. "Later," he whispered, "little dove—you will understand later." By now his brothers were beside him, their arms about the heaving bundle, staggering with him down the road, and still no cry had risen from the sleeping house.

Carrying their precious burden among them, running like madmen to the waiting farm, their hearts pounded in triumph within their breasts. The witch had lost her treasure. The dragon's teeth were pulled at last. All that remained now was that waiting room with flowers, an embrace, an explanation and a journey to the nearest priest.

They hurried through the door-way of their house, for in that unwieldy bundle the young thing fought and struggled like a tiger. They must be merciful and give her air to breathe. They dropped their burden on the waiting bed, with eager hands they unrolled it. They caught the gasping prisoner by her shoulders, tenderly they helped her to sit up; and stared into the twisted, purple features of the grandmother.

Days later when they had courage to come home they were met and dutifully escorted to the prison. There they sat quietly and said nothing. The youngest even kept his eyes upon the floor, refusing to look in the direction of his brothers. Was it possible, he was thinking, that now it was his turn to think of something? That by himself he might be three times as successful as they had been together?

Suppose you do?

What if you do know New York, Chicago, Boston and even London and Paris . . . Have you ever been to Budapest? (Now that is a bright thought!) Sidewalk cafés. Gypsy music. Hungarian color. It's as gay as Paris but the accent is different. Artists love it, and so will you. You remember how the Danube cuts old Buda and newer Pest in two? Of course, if you don't want to go to Buda, Europe is full of other gorgeous places.

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## High Voltage

(Continued from Page 7)

lated the accents of sound according to his own whim. If he felt that there was too much noise, he diminished it. If, on the contrary, he longed for bigger and better vibrations, he increased them. This did not fall in with Stokowski's plans. He studied the technique of broadcasting. Last October, when he gave his first concert over the radio, he directed both his musicians and the man at the dial with his baton. Hooked up to fifty-two stations, he reached all over the United States, into Canada and into Mexico. At last he approached the fulfilment of his dream. He could diffuse his music among millions, himself and his orchestra unseen, and perhaps a velvet darkness enveloping his hearers in the vast world of sound. He had asked for letters of criticism, which, when they came, voiced a wholesale approval.

More than a universal pattern, more than fresh fancies for the concert platform, more, even, than radio programs, Stokowski's mind busies itself with a revolution in music. The future of music lies, to his thinking, in electricity. This is the key to mighty changes. It will in time enable musicians to use a quarter tone or the fraction of a quarter tone. Since the end of the seventeenth century half tones have been used on the piano. These tones are purely arbitrary. Now, with new knowledge of electricity, it will be possible to drop artifice and to approach the intervals of nature. Theremin and Martenot have already shown the way. In the last concert of this season, Stokowski had an instrument, invented by Professor Theremin, called the Thereminophone, which tripled the volume of tone in the base, making the Bach *Fugue* reverberate like a peal of celestial thunder. Stokowski looks ahead to indescribable changes. In these he perhaps sees his destiny. He prophesies them from intuition. He cannot say fully how they will transpire. But he upholds them with zeal and aplomb.

The conductor of the Philadelphia orchestra may like his place beneath the sun. He may enjoy his gift of grace. He undoubtedly knew what he was doing when he let his hair, once sleekly cropped, flower about his head. Undoubtedly, too, he is aware that his experiments make a dramatic display. But his gestures are not mean. His science is no bribe for favor. He plumbs the depths of physical and mental effort. He has a clean, swift passion for his work. And however much he relishes glamor or condescends to the fashion for fame, Stokowski is quick with the high fire of his art.


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## The Drift to Peace

(Continued from Page 19)

the late War that would have scandalized the Amphyctionic League, or Council of Neighbors, that was formed in Greece long before the Man of Peace; and the casualties which we used to see recorded in the daily papers would have appalled a Papuan. Nevertheless, in the long sweep, these reversions flatten out, and the general trend is unmistakable.

Every extension of the peace-group has involved anxious effort in the overcoming of difficulties. Peace, like war, has to be won. It is not a free gift from on high. Sometimes time alone, which allows of the gradual removal of obstacles inexpugnable to immediate assault, has availed—while impatient champions of peace have struggled manfully but in vain, and have died in despair. The language-barrier has always been formidable, and so have differences in other of the folkways. With the unceasing spread of culture, wider association becomes ever less subject to hindrance; for that dissemination means the dissolution of repellent contrasts between sets of folkways.

Many of the old causes of war have evaporated away: fear of the alien's magic, for example. There are no more crusades, and holy wars have mainly ceased. Some menacing causes have been added, among which the protective tariff stands forth—indeed, its final justification, as a measure for national self-sufficiency, is militaristic. Nevertheless, while it would be a wild prophecy to predict the end of armed conflict within any definable period, the perspective of social evolution, here no more than indicated, reveals warfare

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as an expedient once, like slavery, well nigh universal, but one which has been subjected, for ages, to a process of whittling away or of replacement by more expedient measures. And, as has been said, war has the resistless tide of public conviction against it. If it can oppose that without eventually being worn down, it is unique among human practices.

## Watchdogs and Morals

*(Continued from Page 5)*

be fascinated less by his artistry than by the chance that he might lose both his nerve and his life.

The same principle applies to "artists" who balance themselves on the sharp edge that divides obscenity from some forms of art. The best of such artists reckon that public interest will be stimulated by their daring, and by the risk they run of artistic failure to "get away with it" when handling questionable material. (Of pornographers impure and simple I have nothing to say. They speculate solely upon prurience, and merit no pity when censors or the police fall foul of them.) But there are really difficult cases which resemble that of a gifted artist in Italy who was wont to model exquisite statuettes in the excrement of dogs, for he preferred it, as a medium, to clay or wax, metal or ivory. He relied, unwittingly, upon the contrast between the beauty of his creations and the disgust of healthy persons for their component matter. He was a freak—as are many of the writers and artists who live and work on the borderline between insanity and genius.

What is to be done with them? Should their freakishness be overlooked in consideration of their real talent, or should they be subjected to censorship applying rules laid down by what Mr. D. H. Lawrence calls "the mob?" In this question lies, I think, the real problem. Were all censors capable of distinguishing the spurious from the genuine in artistic expression, the solution might be left to them. As they are not, it seems best to leave freaks some freedom. My own bias runs in favor of a large measure of freedom. It is the denial of freedom, rather than the intrinsic merits or demerits of a doubtful book, play or picture, that enlists on the side of an incriminated "artist" the sympathies and the support of genuine artists—spurious artists being those who appeal to the sense of "risk," or court notoriety, while genuine artists think only of expressing the aesthetic emotion they feel. The curtailment of freedom may do more harm than spurious art could do.

If there be a way out, it seems to me to lie in the education of healthy public taste by self-discipline on the part of artists themselves. External discipline is not necessarily fatal to art, and self-discipline is essential to it. If artists are, or claim to be, a "select few," an aristocracy of taste, are they not bound to observe standards of their own which shall not be in flagrant opposition to the canons of public sanity? The multitude may always need protection against depravity; and the cultured minority may always protest, and protest rightly, against the application of common standards to works of genius. But if the cultured minority look upon themselves as being above the common law, inasmuch as they have a more exalted ideal than the crowd, they should at least have a care that, in claiming for art the right to be a law unto itself, they do not bring their own, presumably higher, law into contempt; for the higher law should read, not "quod licet Jovi, non licet bovi" but "Aliis si licet, tibi non licet."

## The Gun *vs.* the Airplane

*(Continued from Page 10)*

*five* seconds after the first salvo.

At this time the art of anti-aircraft gunnery is turning toward engaging aircraft at deepening distances and greater heights. It is a recognized fact that the shells tossed up by a three-inch battery to a determined point in space 20,000 feet high will all explode within twenty yards of that point. Were a bomber to be moving toward that point, and assuming that the fire had been perfect with respect to its speed and flight path, it must have been showered with shell fragments in sufficient quantities, if not to destroy it, at least to render it helpless.

Indeed, a special gun—the 105-mm. anti-aircraft gun—has been especially designed for long range, vertical firing. It is capable of firing a thirty-three-pound shell to an altitude of 42,000 feet. The particular advantage of this gun over the three-inch is in the increased bursting volume of its shell, which is half as much again as that of the smaller shell, and in its faster time of flight at all ranges.

This gun is to be emplaced about certain vulnerable points, the geographical position of which precludes the possibility of adequate warning being given to defending aircraft in time enough for them to attain fighting altitude. In the event of an abrupt air raid, the 105-mm. gun should be able to engage hostile aircraft at greater


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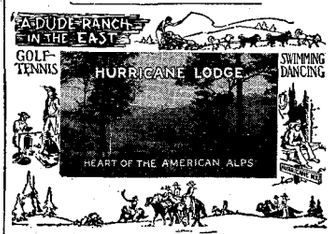


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Outlook and Independent

CLASSIFIED SECTION *Continued*

## Help Wanted

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## Situations Wanted

**DARTMOUTH** Junior, Business School graduate, desires summer position as secretary or tutor in Mathematics and Physics. E. T. Mecutchen, ΑΣΦ House, Hanover, N. H.

**LADY** wishes position in school, September, 1930. Nonresident preferred. French, German, other subjects. Anywhere. Salary no matter. Write Box 708, Winterpark, Florida.

**WANTED** for 3 summer months position of some sort by lady teacher, 35 years of age, experienced in the training of children, housekeeping and practical nursing. Address X. Y. Z., Outlook and Independent.

**PRIMARY** Teacher, age 26, college trained, 6 years experience, desires work in any capacity with children for summer. References.

**REFINED** woman desires position of trust, private family, institution, month of July. 9437 Outlook and Independent.

**TWO** Dartmouth Juniors wish summer employment. Hotel work preferred. Location optional. 9438 Outlook and Independent.

**YOUNG** widow with girl of nine, experienced private secretary, desires position preferably in the suburbs as home supervisor with gentleman or motherless home. References exchanged. 9439 Outlook and Independent.

**INSTRUCTION EN ROUTE** for college or high school girls vacationing abroad. Young woman tutor with college degree and teaching experience. Available June 20th for summer months. 9441 Outlook and Independent.

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horizontal and vertical distances than is now possible, and either repel the attack outright or else so break up the formation that the defense planes can counter-attack at greater advantage.

Although these two guns represent the major anti-aircraft ordnance designed for the defense of ground positions, there has been considerable improvement in the small calibred guns employed against low-flying aircraft. These guns are divided into three classes—the thirty and fifty calibre machine guns and the 37-mm. Browning automatic gun. They are for use principally in the protection of combat and service planes, marching and entrenched troops, from attacking aircraft.

The improvement in searchlights and sound locating instruments for picking up night raiders seems little short of Machiavellian. The problem of locating an airplane flying high and fast seems to have been solved in the new sound locater. This uncanny mechanism operates on the principle that sound, a vibratory disturbance, travels at the rate of 1,100 feet per second; and that, if a listener's head is turned from its source, the sound wave will strike the diaphragm of one ear slightly ahead of the other. Two large horns, like immense ear trumpets, capable of picking up the sound of an engine six miles away, are trained upon the sound until the impact of the sound upon both is synchronized. This takes but a moment. The direction, distance and elevation of the airplane are then read from a graduated scale. At the same time an acoustic computator corrects the time lag of the sound, establishes the speed of the plane during the flight of its sound, and adds this value to the reading. This provides the gunners with the theoretically precise position of a moving airplane they cannot see.

These amazing processes accomplished, a battery of searchlights, which operate in conjunction with the sound locater, go into action automatically. They have a range of five miles. In recent tests, these beams, seeking out approaching craft flying at unknown heights and direction, have picked up their targets within twenty-five seconds. This beam is not to be shaken off as long as the plane remains within range, whereas, during the War, two and one-half minutes of illumination of the target was as good as could be expected. This steady glare will contribute to the discomfort of the pilot. Many raids during the War were turned back by searchlights alone, the pilots becoming confused and moving out of formation.

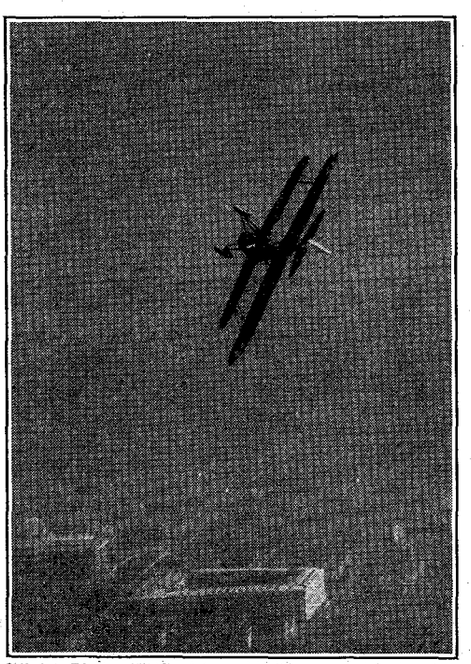
The attention that all major powers, including our own, are giving to anti-aircraft is proof enough of its importance. The elaborate mock raids on London, several years ago, although primarily a dramatic feint for aircraft appropriations, nevertheless had a very practical aspect. The fact is, though conveniently "destroyed," London has probably the most efficient anti-aircraft defense of any city in the world.

London's defense against air assault rests primarily upon counter-attacking pursuit ships. Bases for these fighters are scattered about the city. A highly developed intelligence service, linked to headquarters by radio and telephone, radiates in all directions to the sea. As each observation post picks up the oncoming raid, reports are rushed to headquarters and the course plotted. Pursuit ships are hurled into it. If these fail to stop the attack, then the anti-aircraft massed about the outskirts of the city will break into it.

On a theoretical basis, the defense of the strategic points in the United States, such as the great cities and the steel and iron factories of Pittsburgh, has been prepared. As with London, the first defense of the outer zones will rest with aircraft, with anti-aircraft in the line of final defense. Our sum total of modern anti-aircraft material consists of approximately fifteen three-inch guns, twelve 105-mm. guns, and hundreds of machine guns. The rest is War-time surplus.

Above and beyond its actual defensive power, anti-aircraft has an often under-estimated value in relieving aircraft from stagnant defense. The value of aircraft lies in its mobility: it is relatively inefficient in purely defensive operations. It should be free to operate at a distance from its base, like the battle fleet. To detach parts of it for the defense of its own base or for purely defensive operations is to limit its effectiveness. For this purpose, it is believed the gun is eminently qualified.

But whatever the ultimate resolution of responsibility, the duel between the airplane and the gun must become one of the critical fancies of the next war. Evolution has carried each into amazing power: and great cities will come to feel them with immoderate concern.



Official Photo. U. S. Army Air Corps

*Pursuit ship over Washington, D. C.*

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# With Our Readers

## A Grenfell for the South

*To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:* *Cooperstown, N. Y.*

DEAR SIR:

Mr. Archibald Rutledge's article, "Wanted: A Grenfell," appearing in the Outlook for April 2, recalls my experiences during the twenty years I lived in South Carolina and Georgia. One possible remedy, as I see it, does not appear to have occurred to him. I read his article with great interest, and do not feel that it is overdrawn. Certainly, the needs of the rural Negro are great.

But, since a northern white Grenfell would find the task a difficult one, in view of the necessary adjustment to the attitude of southern people, and since a southern white Grenfell is practically out of the question, as he would have to be a Grenfell and a St. Francis combined, why not a word about a black Grenfell?

I lived for several years in a town with a population of about 6,000, in the northern part of South Carolina. We had a good hospital with a smaller wing at the back for a colored ward. And we had a good colored doctor who was respected and aided professionally by the white doctors. The question arises: "Just where do all the colored doctors practice?" In the cities and towns, of course. As the white doctor must keep up the standards of the professional classes, so the colored doctor moves in the highest class of his race. He must practice where he can earn enough to support himself and his family in that class.

Mr. Rutledge's picture of the poor, neglected plantation Negro is pathetic, and it is true. But something can be done. I know, personally, of southern churches that support white and colored physicians in their missions on the Congo and elsewhere, and that is good and proper. But why cannot they spend a like sum to support colored doctors to do the work that Mr. Rutledge has depicted so vividly among a great, neglected class, for whose welfare we are responsible before God? Then, too, financial considerations would not keep a doctor from choosing to minister to such Negroes. Who like a Negro understands their superstitions? Who can so well combat them? If a white man tries to show them their folly, they will listen courteously and seem to be convinced, but always with mental reservations. It appears to me that an educated, sympathetic Negro doctor, who knows the inner workings of their minds, could bring them little by little to sensible and hygienic practices.

A. VASSAR H. TAYLOR

## Saving for Old Age

*To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:* *Bar Harbor, Me.*

DEAR SIR:

An article by Emily Newell Blair in the April 16 Outlook seems to tend to deify the spendthrift. Or is the author trying to ease the minds of many who adopt a principle opposed to progress?

Mankind emerged from barbarism because some barbarian had vision and saved in order to realize it. The first rude cabin was made possible by the saving of food necessary to be consumed during its construction. Development of every kind is dependent upon the principle of consuming less that we produce. If that principle is ever discarded progress will end abruptly, and progress is the cardinal tenet of life.

Variety in nature is endless, so there will be misers; there will also be those so absorbed in business as to lose interest in the many fine things in life, but they are the exception. It is said that seventy-five per cent of the men in this country over sixty-five years of age, are dependent. This, to some extent, at least, indicates that we do not need to preach the doctrine of the spendthrift.

F. L.

## Out of Bounds

*To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:* *San Francisco*

DEAR SIR:

In your last issue of the "Autobiography of an Ex-Thief" you have certainly exceeded the limits of a decent journal and as a conventional woman I wish to protest against such filth being sent into an American home. And why illustrated by pictures of the American Army? Is it your idea that our soldiers come from the dregs of society?

E. N. BREEZE

## A Different Point of View

*To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:* *Framingham Center, Mass.*

DEAR SIR:

I have been tremendously interested in the autobiography of John Coffey. Are we to hear no more from him?

I was deeply interested in the chapter called "At the Bottom" in which he called on God to help him. That was probably the first sincere and earnest prayer he had ever uttered, and he seemed to be a different man afterward, and the men he came in contact with were different too, because of the change in his attitude. It made me think of what one of our Unitarian ministers said once. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity."

I was interested deeply, too, in his nonresistance to the bully in the last chapter, and the result. More than ten years have gone by since the end of the War and I would like very much to know what his life has been since then. I hope that others have expressed interest in his confessions and that you will see fit to publish more of them.

SARAH N. BROWN

## Open Letter to Governor Baldridge

*Boulder, Colorado*

*Hon. H. C. Baldridge*
*State Capitol*
*Boise, Idaho:*

DEAR GOVERNOR:

We have read with interest your letter to the Outlook regarding prohibition.

Do you not really observe and believe that any law defining as a crime involving moral turpitude certain personal acts, conduct and habits of human life, which a great proportion of the people do not believe to be morally wrong and view its enactment as an encroachment on their fundamental rights as individuals, is an impossibility from the standpoint of practicality or reasonable enforcement? Cannot you really see the difference between a law which is violated continuously but which is believed to be morally sound and just by all honorable persons and a law which is as sincerely believed to be unjust and morally unsound by at least thirty-five per cent and probably by a majority of honorable persons? We think you can do so on reflection. The distinction is not difficult.

By inference at least we deduce from your letter that prohibition is a failure, but you demand absolute insurance of improvement thereon apparently before "we destroy what we have." Personally, the writer favors the Canadian system, but any system is and would be an improvement on what we now have. You speak of some one coming forward with a constructive suggestion before you change your mind on prohibition. Why do not some of your statesmen come forward with the same or are you satisfied with present conditions and wish to continue with a policy that will inevitably lead to moral ruin and revolution? The tide cannot now be turned back, Governor. You should be a more intelligent man than Senator Borah and a little closer to the new trend of public opinion—even in Idaho. We would be glad to welcome you to the band wagon.

M. M. RINN
*(President, Free Americans, Inc.)*

## Wicked Eastern Cities

*To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:* *Oneonta, N. Y.*

DEAR SIR:

There are probably many people who are enjoying the article "With Ella in the Desert" in your issue of April 9th. Its clever satire and subtle irony will cause it to be admired. Nevertheless, it will rouse the indignation of countless readers, as it rouses mine. Direct criticism and scathing ridicule would be less objectionable than this covert attack. A man who shows such sneering disrespect for any worthy woman seems lacking in the essentials of manhood. This insult to a woman of seventy-one, of unquestioned sincerity, character and ability, who has spent her life in the service of mankind, may well call forth a storm of protest. It will act as a boomerang to the cause which Mr. Walker and the Outlook so earnestly champion.

Mr. Walker, I understand is on the editorial staff of the fanatically "wet" *Herald-Tribune* and where else would one expect to meet with his dissertations upon the subject which obsesses him, if not in the Outlook? These two publications used to be representative of American thought, but they have fallen upon evil days. They may be in accord with the opinion of the large eastern cities, but the large eastern cities are not America. On the prohibition question you are as completely out of touch with the trend of American thought and feeling as if you published the Outlook in Rome or Shanghai.

MRS. ELLIS KNAPP

## Grape Juice?

*To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:* *Fredonia, N. Y.*

DEAR SIR:

In the April 9th issue of the Outlook and Independent your contributor, Mr. Walker, gives as a "dictum" of Mrs. Boole, the W. C. T. U. leader, "The so-called wine at the feast of Cana was not fermented."

The narrative says that the ruler of the feast called the bridegroom and said to him, "Every man setteth on first the good wine; and when men have become intoxicated, then that which is worse; thou hast kept the good wine until now."

Thayer's Greek-English Lexicon of the New Testament defines the pivotal verb here, "to intoxicate, make drunk; pass., to get drunk, become intoxicated," and it gives no other meaning for it.

This word occurs in four other places in the New Testament. Luke XII, 45, "But if that servant . . . shall begin to beat the menservants and the maidservants, and to eat and drink, and to be drunken;" I Thes. V, 7 " . . . and they that are drunken are drunken in the night," Eph. V, 18, " . . . and be not drunken with wine, wherein is riot." Rev. XVII, 2, " . . . and they that dwell in the earth were made drunken . . . "

Manifestly there can be no justifiable toning down of the above rendering of what the ruler of the feast said. Can there be any doubt as to the kind of wine contemplated by the narrative?

FRANKLIN N. JEWETT

## Not at All

*To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:* *Philadelphia*

DEAR SIR:

I trust the letter of Edgar S. Jackson from Floral Park, N. Y., will not upset you too much. He condemns the Outlook and Independent because of its fair stand and attitude regarding prohibition. I am afraid the Reverend, like most ministers of today, fears to face the truth, that prohibition is a miserable failure.

W. A. RIEGEL

## A Lot of Money

*To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:* *Boise*

DEAR SIR:

The worst effect of prohibition is the Outlook's championship of Rum, Romanism and Rebellion, the first and the last openly and above board; the Romanism, the power behind the Gods of the liquor traffic. How can you advocate these terrible things?

I hope and trust the Outlook has been well reimbursed from the $24,000,000 rum fund for the prostitution of a magazine that has heretofore been a pattern of decency and right thinking.

I gladly resign my place on your subscription list to that nature's gentleman, Al Capone.

MRS. J. G. SAWYER

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